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The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII. BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880. NO. 3.

NEWS-NOTES.

—The agony is over.

—Garfield and Arthur. *In hoc signo vinces.*

—Northern Pacific preferred stock 47½; common, 26.

—Not that they loved Caesar less, but that they loved the country more.

—The unoccupied quarters at Fort Meade were burned last week. Loss $5,000.

—The Deadwood *Pioneer* reports a $75,000 clean up from a two week's run on Father DeSmet ore.

—When Gen. Grant received the news of Garfield's nomination, he said, "It is all right. I am satisfied."

—A coroner's inquest over the death of Imperialism at the Chicago convention was declared unnecessary.

—Senator Hoar called to the chair for a short time the colored Senator Bruce, during the famous convention.

—The Democrats are devising some means of relieving their Payne. The nominee of the Chicago convention is a good doctor.

—The Stand by mill, in the Rochford, Black Hills district, has made its first clean up. The result was much greater than was even hoped for.

—Miners returning from the Yogo mines say that they are no go, bed rock being struck at from twenty to thirty feet and poor pay in paying dirt.

—The New York *Herald* correspondent, speaking of the crowd at the Palmer House the evening before the convention met, says "Sardines are nothing to it. It was the jammest jam I ever saw."

—The gold medal for the best patent process flour, granted by the national millers' association, was awarded to Washburne, Crosby & Co., Minneapolis. Western Dakota's delegate did not reach the convention soon enough.

—Eugene Schuyler, the brilliant young author and diplomat, has been transferred from the consul generalship at Rome to the same position at Bucharest and is also accredited as diplomatic agent to that country. The latter position is the same as envoy without the salary that attaches.

—The total debt of the United States May 31st, 1880, less cash in the treasury was $1,952,458,579 85. The Pacific railroads (except the Northern Pacific) owe $41,911,141 40 for interest paid on railroad bonds guaranteed by the government. The debt has been reduced since June 1st, 1879, $148,205,656 72.

—A million and a half of gold dollars weigh three tons. The Black Hills mines in five years have produced $20,000,000 worth of gold or forty tons of the metal, and have the largest gold mills in the world. An incomparable showing and in a country that five years back was the home of the savage Sioux.

—D. Mary Walker has been before the house committee on the District of Columbia advocating the establishment of a home for friendless women and children, with herself as matron and physician. She is a persistent, little creature and the house will probably appropriate $50,000 to get rid of Dr. Mary.

—Admiral Ammen, DeLesseps and Gen. Grant will now have ample opportunity to push forward the Nicaragua canal scheme. The whole country is interested in its successful accomplishment and congress will see that the right of Americans are in no way abridged. The details with the South American governments have been arranged.

—The German papers of Cincinnati, New York and St. Louis speak in high terms of the nomination of Garfield and Arthur, and concede the entire vote of the Germans for the republican ticket. Gen. Grant's defeat may be partially attributed to the defection among German republicans and their antagonism to anything that savors of imperialism. It was the principle involved, not the personality, that led the convention to reject Gen. Grant's nomination. He is yet the most illustrious man in the country, but his election would have established a dangerous precedent in the young republic.

—The johnny man of the Denver *Tribune* has been "thinking" the gout of King Cambrinus, and thus soliloquizes unto himself: "Who hath woe? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes? He that goeth to seek the schooner of buck beer. Who hath sorrow? Who striveth when the middle watch of the night hath come to wind up the clock with the 14-puzzle? He that kicketh against the buck beer and getteth left. Verily, the buckness of the buck beer bucketh with a mighty buck, insomuch that the buckee riseth at the noon hour with a head that compasseth the town round about, and the swellness thereof waxeth more and more, even from Dan to Beer—Sheba." (Current joke in the Holy Land.)

—The first political convention was held in Philadelphia in 1830 and was called the United States Anti-Masonic convention. No business of importance was transacted. The same convention met in Baltimore in 1831 and nominated Wm. Wirt, of Maryland, for president. Previous to this time nominations were made by congressional caucusses or state legislatures. The first republican convention was held also in Philadelphia in 1856, which nominated John C. Fremont, who was defeated by Buchanan, whose administration brought the rebellious element to a focus, from which sprung secession and the war of the states. Since 1856 conventions have been regularly held for nominating presidents and vice presidents, the convention at Chicago being of the longest duration.

Disastrous Hand-Car Ride.

Mr. E. A. Webster, foreman of the spile-driving gang at the landing, jumped upon a hand-car attached to the switch engine and rode up town last night. He now wishes he had walked. When in front of the Sheridan House the car jumped the track, throwing Mr. Webster with such force against the ties as to break his leg in two places and dislocate his shoulder.

Engineer Corps.

The engineer corps that have been surveying the Missouri river from Stubbs' Ferry to Great Falls, came down on the Western with Capt. Coulson.

THE NATION'S CHOICE.

THE STANDARD BEARERS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, for President and Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for Vice-President---Harmony.

(*Special Dispatch to the Tribune.*)

AFTER THE BATTLE.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10—After the storm comes the calm. Nearly all the delegates have left for their respective homes, and the city is again cooling down to its usual temperature. The hotels, which have been crowded during the past two weeks, are now actively engaged in cleaning house, and Chicago is herself again. However, the presidential question is the leading topic at all the club rooms and among politicians generally, and there is a general feeling of curiosity among the republicans as to the result of the Cincinnati democratic convention. They consider their ticket a strong one, but naturally they are anxious to know who they will have to fight. Reports from all over the country to the Chicago press indicate a general unanimity and good feeling among the republicans, and a rousing republican victory is predicted throughout the country.

GARFIELD'S BOOM

was started by Indiana and Wisconsin, after it had become a certainty that the convention could not unite on any of the candidates prominently mentioned. All during the convention Garfield had been a leading light, and recognized with bursts of applause whenever he entered the building or made any moves for his party. As the roll call on the 36th ballot was proceeded with it became evident to Grant's friends that they were defeated as state after state went solidly for Garfield. At the beginning, many delegations had not decided just what to do, but as the cheers arose for Garfield after each state had contributed her votes, there was no hesitancy. It was a wild scene. The Ohio men stood up in their seats and shouted until their throats were hoarse, while Grant's gallant 306 stood their ground until the last. On the whole, the convention was orderly, and good feeling prevailed throughout the proceedings. It drew a larger crowd of distinguished men than ever before assembled at one time in this city.

THE BALLOTS.

(*From Tribune Extra.*)

FIRST BALLOT.

Official vote, Grant 304; Blaine 284; Sherman 93; Edmunds, 34; Windom, 10; Washburne, 30. (Cheers.)

SECOND BALLOT

Grant, 305; Blaine, 282; Sherman, 94; Washburne, 22; Windom, 10; Edmunds, 33; Garfield, 1.

THIRD BALLOT

Grant, 305; Blaine, 285; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 32; Windom, 10; Washburne, 1; Harrison, 1; Garfield, 1.

FOURTH BALLOT.

Grant, 305; Blaine, 281; Sherman, 95; Edmunds, 32, Windom, 10; Washburne, 3; Garfield, 1.

SIXTH BALLOT

Grant, 305; Blaine, 281; Sherman, 95; Edmunds, 31; Windom, 10; Washburne 31, Garfield, 2.

SEVENTH BALLOT.

Grant, 305; Blaine, 281; Sherman, 94; Edmunds, 32; Windom, 10; Washburne, 31; Garfield, 2. Harrison moved convention take recess till 3 p. m., lost.

EIGHTH BALLOT.

Grant, 306; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 91; Windom, 10; Edmunds, 31; Washburne, 2; Garfield, 1.

Motion to adjourn till five lost.

TWELFTH BALLOT.

Grant, 304; Blaine, 283; Sherman, 93; Windom, 10; Edmunds, 31; Washburne, 33; Garfield, 1; Hayes, 1. Maryland has cast one vote for G. W. McCrary.

THIRTEENTH BALLOT.

Grant 305, Blaine 285, Sherman 89, Edmunds 31, Washburne 33, Windom 10, Hayes 1, McCrary 1. Blaine gained 1 on Texas and 2 on Virginia.

FOURTEENTH BALLOT.

Blaine gained one vote from Kentucky. Correction makes Grant on fourteenth ballot 305. Blaine loses one vote from Indiana.

FIFTEENTH BALLOT.

Grant 309, Blaine 281, Sherman 88, Edmunds 31, Washburne 36, Windom 10.

SIXTEENTH BALLOT.

Grant 306, Blaine 283, Sherman 88, Edmunds 31, Windom 10, Washburne 36.

Delegate Raum, of Wisconsin, moved to adjourn till 5 p. m., lost.

SEVENTEENTH BALLOT.

Grant, 303; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 90; Edmunds, 41; Windom, 10; Washburne, 31; Davis, 1.

The roll of New York showed Grant 50; Blaine, 10; Sherman 2.

EIGHTEENTH BALLOT.

Grant, 305; Blaine, 283; Sherman, 92; Edmunds, 31; Windom 10; Washburne 35.

Motion to adjourn till 7 p. m., carried.

EVENING SESSION.

CHICAGO, June 7.—Tremendous crowd at the convention hall. The convention was called to order at 7:23 p. m.

NINETEENTH BALLOT.

Grant gaines one in Alabama from Blaine, also in Florida; Sherman gaining one in Illinois from Washburne, 2 in Maryland from Grant and Washburne, Pennsylvania one from Blaine for Hartranft; Georgia 1 from Blaine to Grant, Washburne gets two in Indiana from Blaine; Grant gains one from Sherman in North Carolina and one from Blaine. Grant, 305, Blaine 279, Sherman 96 Edmunds 31, Washburne 32, Windom 10 Garfield 1, Hartranft 1. Total, 755. Necessary for choice, 377.

TWENTIETH BALLOT.

Grant 308, Blaine 276, Sherman 93, Edmunds 31, Washburne 35, Windom 10, Hartranft 1, Garfield 1.

TWENTY-FIRST BALLOT.

Grant 307, Blaine 276, Sherman 95, Edmunds 31, Washburne 35, Windom 10, Hartranft 1 Garfield 1.

TWENTY-SECOND BALLOT.

Grant 305, Blaine 275, Sherman 97, Washburne 35, Edmunds 31 Windom 10, Garfield 1, Hartranft 1.

TWENTY-THIRD BALLOT.

Grant 304, Blaine 275, Sherman 97, Washburne 36, Edmunds 31, Windom 10, Garfield 2.

TWENTY-FOURTH BALLOT.

Grant 307, Blaine 279, Sherman 93, Edmunds 31, Washburne 35, Windom 10, Garfield 2.

TWENTY-FIFTH BALLOT.

Grant 302, Blaine 281, Sherman 91, Edmunds 31, Washburn 30, Windom 10, Garfield 2.

TWENTY SIXTH BALLOT.

Grant 303, Blaine 280, Sherman 93, Washburne 31, Edmunds 36, Windom 1, Garfield 2.

TWENTY-SEVENTH BALLOT.

Grant 306, Blaine 277, Sherman 93, Edmunds 31, Washburn 36, Windom 10, Garfield 2. Motion to adjourn at 9:30; roll call demanded and defeated.

TWENTY-EIGHTH BALLOT.

Grant 307, Blaine 279, Sherman 91, Edmunds 31, Washburne 35, Windom 10, Garfield 2. Adjourned till 10 a. m., after 28th ballot.

TUESDAY MORNING SESSION.

From 28th to 34th ballot, substantially the same.

THIRTY-FOURTH BALLOT.

Grant 312, Blaine 275, Sherman 107, Washburne 41, Edmunds 11, Windom 4, Garfield 17. Garfield challenges correctness of votes, referring his count to convention.

THIRTY-FIFTH BALLOT.

Indiana broke for Garfield at 12:39 p. m. Indiana 27 for Garfield, 2 for Blaine. at 12:30 p. m. Maryland gives 2 for Garfield. Grant gets 1 vote from Minnesota. 12:41 p. m. Grant gains 2 in Pennsylvania, which Blaine loses. Grant 313, Blaine 257, Sherman 101, Windom 1, Edmunds 11, Garfield 50, Washburne 23.

THIRTY-SIXTH BALLOT.

Official: Garfield 399, Grant, 306, Blaine 42, Sherman 3, Washburne 5. Conkling moved to make nomination unanimous. Hale seconded the motion, and pledged the support of the Blaine forces in electing the nominee. (Great cheering). Motion by Harrison of Indiana to take recess till 5 p. m., carried.

TUESDAY EVENING SESSION.

Evening session there was great excitement and numerous congratulations over the morning's work. After some little discussion, the convention proceeded to put in nomination candidates for the Vice Presidency. Pixley of California nominated Washburne, which was seconded by Dennis McCarthy. Robinson nominated Marshall Jewell, and Hicks nominated Judge Settle, which was seconded by Harris. Houck then nominated Horace Maynard. Gov. Woodford then arose and in a neat speach, nominated Chester A. Arthur which was seconded by Dennison, Kilpatrick, Lynch, (colored) Mission and Filey. Chambers nominated Davis, of Texas, when the first ballot was proceeded with, resulting as follows:

Arthur, 468; Washburne, 193; Jewell, 44; Maynard, 30; Bruce, 8; Settle, 1; Woodford, 1; Allison, 4; Davis, 1.

Arthur's nomination was made unanimous and the convention adjourned. Good nature prevailed and the ticket is considered a very strong one.

Railroad Magnates.

Yesterday morning a special car arrived with Director J. Frailey Smith, of the North Pacific, and a few immediate friends aboard, bound for a pleasure trip across the river. The party returned last night and left this morning for Philadelphia. This morning another special car arrived with President Billings, General-manager Sargent, Superintendent Towne, and a few other distinguished gentlemen. The party proceeded to the front and will on their return, look the ground over for a bridge or tunnel, leaving for St. Paul tonight. President Billings was the man who presented the name of Senator Edmunds for President at the Chicago convention, and was also one of the leaders in the move which gave the nomination to Garfield. He was strongly opposed to Blaine, from the fact that Jay Gould was so earnestly supporting him.

A TRIP TO THE FRONT.

A Country of Magnificent Distances and Wonderful Capabilities.

Monday a party composed of Dr J. H. Guild, of Rupert, Vt., and brother, J. W. Guild, an enterprising farmer of Minnesota, C. M. Sheldon, of Vermont, Superintendent Taylor, master mechanic Doran and a TRIBUNE man visited the end of the track on the extension. At Baby Mine the party were escorted by Mr. Thompson through the mine and the details of coal mining were fully explained. The mine is in good shape and nearly 100 tons of coal per day is now being taken out. All along the line the party were shown the utmost courtesy by Superintendent Taylor and the trip through the wild, unbroken prairie was one long to be remembered. The party owe Mr. Kurtz, of the supply store, an abundance of gratitude for the manner in which he entertained them. The accommodations in the way of meals and lodging were in every way first class and equal to any hotel in the country. Mr. Kurtz has three cars in use for his office, store and dining apartments, and strawberry shortcake, peach preserves, etc., are done to high for the constitution of these pioneers of civilization. Tuesday morning the party left the supply camp for the end of the track, which point was reached about nine o'clock. Here they were initiated in the art of railroad building, about two thirds of a mile of track being spiked down while the party remained. The country abounds with good water and sickness is unknown on the line. The railroad passes within half a mile of Young Man's Butte, from which elevated point one can see from forty to eighty miles in every direction. It is the highest point between Bismarck and the Little Missouri. Custer's lookout bluff is about two miles distant. Here Gen. Custer was surrounded by the Indians four days. Young Man's Butte is so named because of the burial of an Indian years ago called Young Man, at its base. This Indian was very old but retained such remarkable agility and youthful appearance, even to his death, that he was called by his tribe "Young Man." A soldier is also buried in this bluff. The scenery from the vicinity of Young Man's Butte is grand. One can look out from the car window a distance of fifty miles over a vast rolling prairie, unbroken except now and then by some stream, lined with groves of timber or an abrupt sandstone bluff which looks as if it had been suddenly upheaved and was a stranger in the land. The scenery along the entire line is grand and romantically wild and uncivilized. It is a trip through a country which words are inadequate to describe, passing, as the road does, through the richest wheat country in the world; it also offers superior inducements to the scientist and pleasure-seeker. The Northern Pacific passes through the greatest variety of scenery of any road in the world. The change is so rapid that there is no monotony. There are no vast sage brush plains as on the Central Pacific, to greet the eye for days. Every particle of the land is useful either for farming, grazing or mineral pursuits. Grand openings for capital and enterprise at any point. When completed the road will in fact be the greatest transcontinental road in the world. Tuesday evening the party returned, well pleased with the trip and more than ever impressed with the beauties of Dakota and the magnitude of the North Pacific.

Sugar Cane.

Dr. Guild has made arrangements to break five acres of his section cornering on President Hayes' farm, which will be planted to sugar cane this year. A mill will be put in, and should the experiment prove successful, an extensive business will be done next year. Mr. Guild thinks that artesian wells can be sunk in this country at a comparatively low figure, and will, some time during the summer, if the President will join him, sink one on the corner of the two farms.

Deadwood Hotel.

Travelers from the Black Hills speak in high terms of the Merchants' Hotel in Deadwood, kept by Jacob Wertheimer. The house is furnished throughout with Brussels carpet and walnut furniture, and no expense is ever spared to provide the tables with the best the market affords. No better meals can be secured in Chicago or New York, and the price is reasonable. It is a favorite among traveling men.

Dissecting the Bad Lands.

Professor Denton, the eminent geologist, is now in the Bad Lands investigating the formation of that famous region, and contemplates a trip at an early day to the Black Hills. He will probably return to Bismarck and deliver a lecture, with illustrations, on the subject of geology, early in July, when the new hall will be ready for the purpose. Professor Denton drew crowded houses in Minneapolis for seventy nights.

I. O. O. F.

Zanoni Lodge, I. O. O. F., was instituted at Mandan last week by Deputy Grand Master D. W. Marratta. Dr. Beatley, Wm. Baehr, Wm. Van Kuster, J. A. Mason, E. H. Lee, G. W. Racek, Valentine Shreck, J. G. Hausman and Wm. Berkelman, of the Bismarck Lodge, were in attendance. The officers are: P. O. Chilstrom, N. G.; Daniel Collins, V. G.; P. L. Hancock, R. S.; Elijah Boley, P. S.; Henry Ward, Treasurer.

THE COUNTRY WEST

PROGRESS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC EXTENSION.

The Road Completed Eighty-Nine Miles West---The Superior Quality of Work Being Done---The Country.

OVER THE RIVER.

In the rush of river business and immigration, the people of this section are apt to overlook the rapid extension of the North Pacific road through Dakota. One can now get on the train at Mandan and travel west nearly as far as from Bismarck east to Jamestown. Along this entire line not a sign of civilization can be seen, except at the few station houses. The track bed is in excellent condition, and the scenery is varied, wild and interesting. The road crosses the Heart six times in five miles and the Sweet Briar twenty-seven times in eight miles. Trusts' bridges are used on the Heart, and are said to be the strongest and most durable bridges made. Winston & Co., who had the contract of putting in the bridges on the extension, have indeed displayed great skill and efficiency in their construction. Comanche, the first station west of Mandan, is but a side track, and is better known as Rattlesnake Station. Why it was ever thus named is best known to the graders who first established the town. There never has been but two or three of these reptiles seen over the river on the line. The grade between Mandan and Comanche is very heavy, many places being the maximum grade, fifty feet to the mile. In ascending from

THE HEART VALLEY

to the table lands above, the track winds snake-like around the foot hills, the curves being so short in some instances that not over half a dozen cars can be seen at one time. The Sweet Briar is quite an extensive valley, but the land is not as good as that of the Curlew and uplands further west, but as a stock range it cannot be excelled. Blue Grass station is so called because of the luxuriant growth of blue grass in the immediate vicinity. This grass is so rank that the valley looks like a vast oat field. Near Baby Mine is Spring Tank station. Water is furnished the tank from a beautiful spring bubbling out from the side of a bluff about three hundred feet from the track. The wind-mill is placed over the spring and the water forced into the tank through pipes.

AT BABY MINE

there is considerable activity. About thirty-five men are now at work, each man mining from three to five tons of coal per day. Baby Mine is a bonanza, and is giving its owners, Messrs. Bly & Thompson, a neat revenue. The main passage is now about three hundred feet into the bluff, with a fall of one inch to the foot. The vein being worked at present presents a seven foot face, and the quality of the coal is superior to ordinary lignite. These coal beds underlie the larger portion of the country west of Mandan, cropping out in many places on the streams and cuts along the road. In digging the wells for the water tanks, extensive veins are struck. A few miles west of Baby Mine the road makes a sudden turn to the northeast and the beautiful Curlew valley is reached. This valley is about fifteen miles long and in some places is nearly five miles wide. On either side are ranges of bluffs which resemble barracks or barricades. At the western end of the valley is Curlew station, and 7 miles further on is the "Y," 58½ miles from Bismarck. From this point west to the supply store there is a gradual rise. The quality of the soil becomes better as the summit or divide is reached, and the best stretch of country west of the Missouri thus far traversed by the North Pacific is from

YOUNG MAN'S BUTTE

west to the Bad Lands. The track is now laid a distance of eighty-nine miles west, and in about ten days the first one hundred miles will be completed. The supply store, which is now about seventy-five miles west, will remove in a few days to Green River, where it will remain until the road is completed to the Little Missouri. Graders are at work all along the line from Green River to the Little Missouri, and by the time the contract for building the second 100 miles of track is let, the grade will be ready for the rails. All the iron and ties for the first 100 miles, of which there are but eleven yet to build, are now over the river and being transported

RAPIDLY TO THE FRONT.

The rapidity with which the road is being extended is indeed astonishing, when one considers the long distance from the base of supplies and the consequent disadvantage under which the constructors work. The track is being laid at the rate of a mile and a quarter a day, and the telegraph wires are being strung at the same rate. The new superintendent of the Missouri division, D. R. Taylor, is a thorough, practical railroad man, and gives the transportation of supplies his careful attention, as on that depends the speed of the construction. Early this fall trains will be running to the Little Missouri, and the Yellowstone will be but a short distance from the end of this season's work.

EVERYTHING THOROUGH.

The new station houses on the extension are the best ever built on any railroad. They are large, two-story buildings, finished off in good shape and nicely painted outside and in. They are residences in every sense of the word. The water tanks put up by Mr. Hill are also large and substantial reservoirs. In fact everything on the extension has been done very thorough. The snow fences are built along, and no trouble from snow will be experienced next winter.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Sig Hanauer returned Saturday from a trip east.

Mat Laib is east after new stock for the livery stable.

John A. McLean went east this morning on a business trip.

W. A. Hollembaek left this morning on a business trip to St. Paul.

Dr. F. Joseph Quinlan, of Fort Yates, came up Thursday for a few days' visit.

Chris. Heli, the king barber of Miles City, is in town this week.

E. Schiffler, the tailor, has returned from the east with a full stock of new patterns.

Contractor P. B. Winston left Thursday morning for a two weeks' visit in Minneapolis.

Lawyer Chilstrom, of Mandan, went on a hunting expedition to the Bad Lands Monday.

Don Stevenson and John A. McLean returned from Miles City by the Big Horn Tuesday.

Maj. Hughes and wife and a sister of Gen. Terry were passengers on the Butte for Benton.

P. H. Byrne, proprietor of the best hotel west of the Missouri river, was in the city Wednesday.

Speculator Perkins and Ike Morgan will open a bank in the Bad Lands. Ivory checks will be used.

O. C. Greene, who went to the front yesterday with Director Smith, left this morning for St. Paul.

Rev. J. Walker Jackson, of Fort Lincoln, delivered a lecture at Fargo this week on "Modern Infidelity."

Quite a number of the Sawtelle theatre troupe, Helena, M. T., came down on the Far West and went east this morning.

J. Basinski, one of the leading business men of Miles City, arrived from the east Monday night and remained in the city during the week.

Capt. Dan Maratta and Mr. Dennis Hannifin will leave for the Cincinnati convention the morning of the 15th inst. Both favor Hancock.

Harry Douglas, sutler of Major Merrill's command, and Johnny Leasure donned their blue shirts and left for the front Wednesday.

Quartermaster Howard, of Helena, was a passenger by the Far West. He comes to Bismarck to meet his wife, who will return to Helena with him.

Fred Terry, brother of Gen. Terry, arrived this morning from Fort Benton and left for St. Paul. He visited Helena and other points in the northwest.

Deputy Collector F. P. Brown is at Ft Totten this week. He has traveled nearly 2 000 miles this spring and wants to get around before mosquito time.

Mrs. Paris Gibson arrived on the Far West, leaving for St. Paul this morning. Mr. Gibson is one of the most extensive sheep raisers in the northwest.

Capt. John F. Weston, Subsistance department, arrived to day by the Far West en route to St. Paul to relieve Maj. Morgan, commissary of subsistance at West Point.

Rev. I. O. Sloan, for many years the esteemed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Bismarck, is now supplying the pulpit of Rev. O. H. Elmer, at Moorhead.

J. Matheis, of the firm of Matheis, Good & Shurmeir, leading clothiers of the northwest, is in the city taking orders for suits of clothes. He will remain but a few days.

The Taylor Brothers, of the Yankton *Herald*, left for Deadwood on Monday having spent a week with pleasure, and THE TRIBUNE hopes with profit, at Bismarck.

N. B. Parkins and wife and Miss Minnie Parkins and C. J. Hunt, were among the arrivals from Standing Rock Thursday. Mr. Parkins is Indian trader at Standing Rock.

Geo. A. Hubu, W. T. Donaldson, E. J. Altemus, J. Frailey Smith and O. C. Greene arrived by special car Wednesday night. Mr. Smith is a large stockholder in Northern Pacific.

Mr. J. S. Benedict, of Canton, D. T., and Louis Benedict, of Platteville, Wis., brothers of Mr. D. L. Bailey, arrived last night. They are on a pleasure tour and will look over Barnes county before returning.

Mr. Wm. Macnider, chief clerk of the post trader at Fort Yates, and Miss Genevieve Wheelen of Louisville, Ky., were married by the Rev. W. C. Stevens at the residence of Mr. Robt. Macnider Tuesday evening.

Sheriff Seth Bullock, of Deadwood, arrived Monday night from the convention and took the stage for the Hills the same evening. The excited men of the western metropolis was too much even for the high constable of the Black Hills.

Dr. J. H. Guild, J. W. Guild, and C. M. Sheldon left this morning for their respective homes in Vermont and Minnesota. They stop at Valley City one day to look at land and remain at Fargo over Sunday. These gentlemen are exclusively interested in this section and will soon make rapid strides towards improving their tracts of land.

Dr. Allen, ex-mayor of Cornwall, Canada, and father of Capt. Allen, trader at Woody Mountain, was a passenger on the Butte for Benton Thursday. Some time ago a party of hungry Indians entered the store of Mr. Allen and demanded food. Mrs. Allen was ill, and lay in bed at the time in the back room and rather than have any trouble with the hostiles the best in the store was placed at their disposal. The Indians stated that they had nothing to trade for provisions but they could not starve. In the bed with Mrs. Allen was her little girl, whom the Indians carried away, probably thinking by such means they could force Mr. Allen to yield to their demands through fear. Mr. Smith, a partner of Mr. Allen, who was down to Ft. Benton at the time, heard of the affair on his way back and immediately sent word to Maj. Wales who dispatched a posse of "white hats" to the scene. The child was recovered and a distracted mother made happy. Mr. Allen's father had heard of the proceedings but did not know until he reached this city that the child had been recovered.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Rover.

Come hither, good Rover, come hither to me;
Your grave, honest face I'm delighted to see;
You seem to have something important to say;
What is it, good Rover? Come, tell me, I pray.

Have you come to relate your adventures this morn,
With the hen and the chickens, and cow in the corn?
Do you think, my brave Rover, 'twas doing quite right,
To give Madam Biddy and chicks such a fright?

Old Mooly, not easily driven away,
Thought a breakfast of corn was much better than hay,
And when at the last you compelled her to yield,
With airs quite indignant she quitted the field.

And now for a frolic all ready you look—
Stop, stop, you bold robber; come back with my book.
Here, into the water, and bring me thus stone—
That's it, my fine fellow, the very same one.

Now, lie down a while on the turf at my feet,
And keep very still till my task is complete;
Then good-by to books, we'll be off for a walk,
Awhile with the birds and the flowers to talk.

Items: A Story for the Little Folks.

"Take care of the *minutes* and the *hours* will take care of themselves," repeated Master Dick, thoughtfully, as he closed the book of wise odds and ends which he had been reading, and, tilting himself back in his chair, gazed with self-satisfied complacency into the fire.

A short pause, during which the loud ticking of the clock, the cheery crackle of the fire in the great fire-place and the drowsy purring of pussy on the hearth alone broke the silence. "Pretty good advice if a body would only practice it," he at length added with a sleepy yawn, stretching himself back at full length, and ending the performance by bringing his book down upon the center-table with a loud bang.

"If a body only would practice it!" repeated Sister Gussie contemptuously; "as if anybody ever thought of doing such a foolish thing! Pooh! If I just couldn't find something else more sensible and interesting than that old hateful book, I would just sit and suck my precious thumbs and read nothing. How you continue, night after night, to sit and read that dry stuff and not fall asleep, is more than I can guess. Why, the very looks of the old musty thing, even, make me nod."

"Oh, well, I presume that it will continue to exist and do well, even though it is so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of your most serene and royal Highness," answered Dick, with mock gravity. "In fact, I fear that it will get along a great deal better without you than you without it, to come down to matters of fact," he added. "I am even of the opinion that that very same homely piece of advice wouldn't come amiss if reduced to practice by some little frisky, impatient bodies that I know of, who are always environed on every side by so terrible much work that they just can't do anything, and whose lessons are so long that it is of no use trying to get them."

"Pretty well put in, Master Dick," spoke up grandfather, who, dozing over his newspaper, had seemed not to notice anything transpiring; "pretty well put in. Not a few of us would be benefited by putting into practical use the truth contained in those few old-fashioned words. Mankind are too prone to discouragement and faint-heartedness; we stand aghast at mole-hills as mountains, rivulets as mighty torrents, when, if we would summon up fortitude and determinedly grapple with them, they would melt away to their real proportions, or flee away and affright us no more. Perseverance will achieve all but impossibilities, while to the weak and faint-hearted its achievements are truly miraculous."

Gussie waited to hear no more, but, with a pettish toss of her pert little head and something of a pout on her rosy lips, slipped off to her room, and, snugly ensconced in her cozy bed, was soon far away from a homely, practical world of practical people and practical books filled with practical proverbs.

Papa had milling to do the next day, and, as he lived off in the country a good ways from the mill, he had to start early or be late in coming home. So, by the first glimmering of day in the east, he was up and stirring and had a good fire roaring in the cooking-stove, with the tea-kettle filled and simmering over the fire. Mamma was then awakened to start breakfast, and, as she was afraid that the baby would awaken at every noise, which would call her away and delay breakfast, she called Gussie up to help her. So, though loving her morning nap dearly, as all young folks do, Gussie cheerfully got up, and, after making a hasty toilet, pitched into the work, "clean to the elbows," as Cousin Bob expressed it. And most of it she had to do, too, for with so much noise baby was soon awake and crying, and mother in tending to him couldn't do much else. But, being a quick and handy little girl, and knowing, as every little girl should, how to do her work the best and most speedily, breakfast was soon ready and smoking on the table; and very tempting and nice it looked, too, though a little girl did get it, and we guess it *tasted* equally good, judging by the way papa and the rest of the folks ate of it. In fact, the snowy-light biscuits, the dish of sweet, yellow butter, the bowl of seasoned mashed potatoes, the platter of bacon, fried crisp and sweet, together with dishes of tempting preserves, apple-butter and jellies, with nice fresh pies, and over all the aroma of the rich, golden coffee would have tempted the stomach of most anybody.

The men folks were at last through and gone to their work, and, after hastily washing the soiled dishes, the next table was ready and Gussie took time to sit with them and eat her breakfast and rest a while before school-time. But just then there came a hurried rap at the door, and a neighbor entered with a message for her mother to come to the bedside of a very sick friend. So, leaving a few hasty directions, and charging Gussie not to be late at school, her mother hurried away to the sick bedside.

Gussie made no remonstrance—in fact, didn't think much about it at first—and sat lazily sipping her coffee and dreamily studying the pattern of the table-cloth. She had thus lolled away some little time, when a loud whirring of the clock broke in upon her reverie, and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 were rung out to her, Gussie thought, with terrible emphasis. In an instant she was on her feet and staring in blank dismay about her. Six o'clock—only three hours till school-time—and everything in the house in the wildest confusion! How could she have sat dallying away her time so thoughtlessly, knowing that all this work had to be done and no shirking it, and a cross and exacting teacher in school to send her in disgrace to the foot of her class, if but a moment tardy! And she had studied so hard to keep her place and win the head-mark that night, and her most dreaded rival stood next below her ready to take her place in triumph if she failed.

Inspired by the thought to almost desperation, she bared her arms, and, catching up the great dishpan, rushed to the stove for hot water to wash the dishes. But—horror of horrors! In her hurry she had forgotten to fill the tea-kettle before sitting down to her breakfast, and it was empty. And, to worse matters, the fire was nearly out and had to be kindled, and the water-bucket was empty, with quite a step to the well to fill it. At the same instant, the full consciousness of all the many things she had to do rushed like an avalanche upon her. Every item—clearing up the table and packing the dishes, and then washing and wiping and stacking them again, and carrying them to the safe; washing all the stove utensils, one by one, and arranging them properly, and at the same time scouring the stove; then all the rooms to sweep and dust, and the beds to make, and then getting herself ready—all, every item clear and distinct, flashed before her, clamoring to be done right then—that instant—though really requiring hours to accomplish! And, to cap the climax, right then she remembered that her little brothers were not yet up, and had to be dressed and helped to their breakfast, taking an eternity, it seemed, of itself!

I don't care if I do have to record it of my little heroine. Many much older and stouter hearts have quailed before a much less formidable array of adverse circumstances. She was doomed—head-mark, honor, pride, all lost, gone—she just sat right down and cried, as if her precious little heart would break.

But it was only for a moment. Like a ray of sunshine, the homely maxim of the evening's before dispute shot through her mind: "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves;" "Aghast at mole hills as mountains, rivulets as mighty streams."

There was hope for her yet. By taking right hold of the first thing at hand, and doing it quickly as possible, passing right on to the next without counting what was yet undone, she might still get through in time for school. She would at least try, and, if she did fail, fail trying.

Strange how formidable things appear when we stand doubting before them, only to prove so very easy and trifling when once we bravely grapple with them! It was marvelous how the work flew before her fingers.

The fire was hastily kindled, and was soon blazing lustily. The pump was soon primed, and the teakettle filled and over the fire. Hastily the twin brothers were awakened, dressed, washed, and eating their breakfast, while the water was heating. Not to lose any time, before they were through, Gussie made some of the beds and dusted the rooms. By this time the twins were through, and the water hot, and, not daring to look up at the clock, she commenced her dishes, and, not waiting to count them (goodness knows there was enough of them to appall the stoutest heart), she soon had them all washed, dried and packed away. These finished, with the pots, skillets and pans all scoured, and hung in their places, and the stove, too, arranged, she finished making the beds and tidying up the rooms. She had the last thing done about the house and was about to draw a long breath of relief, when, with dismay, she remembered that she had not yet milked. This was a long, tedious job, and, though tears gushed up in her eyes and she bit her lip with vexation, Gussie bravely caught up the pail and ran down into the lot where the cows were, two little hands being soon at work with might and main. Somehow the cows never stood better; perhaps some kind fairy had whispered to them of their little mistress' trials, and their great honest hearts had pitied her. Certain it is that the milking was never done better, nor more speedily, and was strained and put away almost in no time. The very last thing of all the formidable array done, Gussie glanced timidly up at the clock. What! had some good fairy, too, tampered with its hands? She could scarcely believe her senses! Only half-past 8! a full half-hour in which to get ready and reach school. Hastily arranging her hair and dress, she put up her dinner, and, leaving the wondrous twins in charge of grandpa, who had just happened to drop in, Gussie tripped lightly away for school.

And the mistress that morning, as she glanced over the array of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and cherry lips, saw no eyes so bright, nor cheeks so rosy as Gussie's. She had fought and won a mighty battle, and, though no tangible wreath of victory crowned her brows, the glow of a victor was at her heart. She felt, our little miss, a proud, womanly self-reliance that no gold could have purchased. Her lessons were never so easy before; it seemed that all she attempted that day was merely play. Not only was the coveted headmark carried off in triumph and her rival completely discomfited, but, her teacher's commend for her promptness in the morning and her excellent lessons the day through.

Gussie never told of her hard-fought battle and glorious victory; no, not even to her mother. It was too sacred, too holy, to be known of any but herself and her God. Laid away in the innermost shrines of her heart, safe from prying eyes, it remained to cheer and strengthen her through many a hard-fought battle in after-life.

But Master Dick, when he was ready for his book of proverbs that evening, was surprised to find it, always before so much abused and slighted, occupying the place of honor on the center-table over and above all others; while a bit of bright ribbon marked the place and proverb which he had last read.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Her Pose.

A decently-dressed workman came to a photographer's to have taken the portrait of his wife. While the operator was arranging the camera, the husband thought fit to give some advice to the companion of his life concerning her pose. "Think of something serious," he said, "or else you will laugh and spoil it. Remember that your father is in prison, and try to imagine what would have become of you if I had not taken pity upon you!"

MIS(S)TAKEN.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

He sought her window softly,
And gently kneeling there
The sweetest notes of music
Burst on the balmy air.
The moon laughed down in beauty,
Glance ran from star to star,
As if they whispered, "Listen
To the lover's light guitar."
"I love thee, dearest, love thee—
Throw ope thy window wide—
No longer, darling, from me
Thy form angelic hide.
Hark! now I hear thy footsteps,
And soon thy face I'll see,
For light, love, from thy window
Is streaming over me.
Be still, my heart, thy mistress
Hath heard thy fondest prayer."
Then softly ope'd the lattice—
Out on the midnight air
Was thrust the head of Biddy,
With all its wealth of hair,
So clustering and so yellow,
And thus upon the air,
Out in the moonlight mellow,
In ringing tones and clear:
"She's aff wid 'nother fellow—
It's me that's shapen here."

Chicago Ledger.

Feet Distortion in China.

The binding of a child's feet is not begun until she has learned to walk and do certain things for herself, as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to teach her afterward. The rich bind their children's feet from the 6th or 7th year, but the poor do not begin until they are 12, or even older. Parents who have been forced by poverty to sell a daughter as a slave when she was a child, will bring her back afterward if they can, and then, no matter how old she is, they bind up her feet and marry her as a lady. But the pain of binding a full-grown foot is said to be most intense. Strong white bandages two inches wide are manufactured for the purpose. Those worn the first year are two yards long, and about five feet is the length worn afterward. The following, according to Miss Fielde, is the method adopted: "The end of the strip is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, and then carried over the top of the toes and under the foot, drawing the four toes with it down upon the sole; thence it is passed over the foot and around the heel; and by this stretch the toes and the heel are drawn together, leaving a bulge on the instep and a deep indentation in the sole, under the instep. This course is gone over in successive layers of bandage until the strip of cloth is all used, and the final end is sewn tight down." To please a Chinawoman, the "indentation" must measure an inch and a half from the part of the foot which rests on the ground up to the instep. The toes are then completely drawn over the sole, and the foot is so squeezed upward that in walking only the ball of the great toe touches the ground. Large quantities of powdered alum are used when the feet are first bound, and always afterward, to prevent ulceration and lessen the offensive odor. The bandage is taken off only once a month. At the end of the first month the foot is put in hot water, and, after it has been allowed to soak some time, the bandage is carefully unwound, "the dead cuticle, of which there is so much, being abraded during the process of unbinding. When the foot is entirely unbound, it is not unusual to find ulcers and other abominations. Frequently, too," we are told, "a large piece of flesh sloughs off the sole, and it sometimes happens that one or two toes drop off." When this happens, the patient considers himself amply repaid for the additional suffering by having smaller and more delicate feet than her neighbors! Indeed, the desire to have small feet is so intense that girls will slyly tighten their own bandages in spite of the pain.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Nigh Unto Death.

One day a mother who had been to a country house, near Marseilles, returned with her son to Marseilles. It was twilight. The child, 8 years old, had been put into a peach basket, borne by a donkey, and the mother, fearing the child might catch cold (it was in November) had covered the boy with a thick brown shawl. Tired with running around the country all day, cozy and warm under the thick shawl, the child was soon asleep and hidden by the sides of the basket. Although the city gates were neared (there is a local custom house at the gates of Marseilles), the mother, forgetting all about the child, walked a distance behind the donkey and did not make him stop at the custom house to be searched. The custom officer seeing the donkey jog on without stopping, suspected he was laden with smuggled goods and ran after him to thrust his sharp steel probe through the basket. Luckily the mother observed him, ran forward and screamed: "Don't use your probe! My child is in that basket!" That child was Adolphe Thiers.

[Cost of Iron in Mediæval Times.

The cost of iron and iron tools was a serious difficulty in mediæval husbandry. When iron implements were worth 2d a pound, that is to say, at least 2s a pound in modern money values, the culture of the soil was superficial and the fertility of the surface was rapidly exhausted. Before the middle of Elizabeth's reign the art of smelting cast-iron was discovered, for a good deal of the Queen's heavy ordnance was made from this material. Nor is the price of wrought-iron trebled, as that of most other commodities is. In the fifteenth century it was worth from £5 to £8 a ton; in the reign of Elizabeth from £10 to £14. For, as the success of agriculture is a measure of the success with which other employments can be prosecuted, as well as a leisure class can be maintained, so the inventions of the mechanic materially assist the progress of agricultural art and lessen the cost of its operations.—*Contemporary Review.*

An American Honeymoon.

A friend of mine was introduced the other day to a very charming young American lady at Geneva. With that naivete and frankness characteristic of Yankee womankind, she soon informed him that she was spending her honeymoon in Europe. "That must be very delightful, 'exclaimed my friend. "Yes," was her reply, "I enjoy it immensely." Then it occurred to him that he had seen nothing of the lady's husband. "Your husband is not here to-day, then?" he asked. He says he shall not easily forget the comical expression of amusement and surprise upon her face as she answered, with a merry laugh, "My husband here! Why, he is not with me! I left him in New York!" This idea of a honeymoon is unique. I wonder if the husband was enjoying his honeymoon with equal zest on the other side of the Atlantic? perhaps he was.—*London Society.*

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE belle of the kitchen—The dinner bell.

COULD not the doctor's fee be justly called ill-gotten gains?

LITTLE Carrie G—— said she liked sea-bathing, "only her mouth leaked and let in the salt water."

TAKE care of the pennies and your wife will take care of the dollars every time she wants a new bonnet.

A YOUNG lady was asked recently which she preferred of two brothers. She responded: "When I am with either of them, I prefer the other."

"PAPA," said his little girl, aged 6 years and 9 months, to him one day, "why do you say step-daughter? Is it because she has been trodden upon?"

"ISN'T that your friend, Mme. S., who is dancing there?" "Yes." "That's a frightfully ill-made dress she has on." "Yes, but if it wasn't it wouldn't fit her."

ADA (aged 4), who was doing something, and was told to desist by her mother. Mother—"Ada, am I to speak to you again?" Ada—"Yes, ma, you may, if you like."

"TO CALCULATE the entire cost of a trip to the top of Mt. Washington you have merely to summit up," remarks a witty individual. We presume, however, it would answer the same purpose to foot it up.

A REPEATER tried to vote for a dead man in San Francisco, and a little Irishman objected. "On what ground?" said the Judge. "Because, begorra," said Pat, "the man died in the Fourth ward, and ye are after voting him in the Third."

"WHAT do you ask for that article?" asked an old gentleman of a pretty shop girl. "Five dollars." "Am't you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, "all the young men tell me so." The old gentleman looked as if he thought he had been misunderstood.

AN exchange has an article on the "Curiosities of Courtship." One of the curiosities of courtship, which the author forgot to mention, is when the girl's father shakes you by the hand and says he is glad to see you. It is curious because it rarely happens.

A MAN, noted for the non-payment of his bills, remarking that he "sprang from Mother Earth," a bystander said: "If that's so, you are a disgrace to your maternal ancestor." "How so?" inquired the impecunious man. "Because she always settles in the spring, and you never settle," was the reply.

MOONSHINE.—This is no relative to the "honey-moon," notwithstanding it is very nice. Beat the white of two eggs very light. Sweeten to taste. Then slice in very thin pieces one banana, and stir into it; or, if you choose, take two oranges, or any kind of fruit will do. Do not make it until just before going to table. It is a handsome dish and delicious for tea.

AT a school some time since a boy was reciting a poem referring to some ancient mariner who insists upon living by the seaside because he cannot dwell beyond old ocean's roar; but, unfortunately, "grim palsy holds him to his bed." "What is grim palsy?" cried the schoolmaster, interrupting the boy. "Grim palsy, sir? please, sir, it's his wife, sir," answered the boy.

"OH, dear! I feel so tired," sighed Mrs. Hickenlooper, as she sank into a chair. "Well, I should think you would be," growled Mr. Hickenlooper, as he put on his coat to go out; "you tramped around more'n seven miles this afternoon making your silly calls. I shouldn't call myself half bright if I did such a thing." And then he went down street and walked nine miles around a billiard table, poking ivory marbles with a stick at 25 cents an hour, and she thought how hard he had to work at his business, poor man, when he came home at midnight and dragged his enfeebled limbs into bed.

Woman's Tears.

Stop this scientific business where it is, and don't let it go any further. It is robbing life of all that is worth living for. Only a short time ago one of these scientific joskins analyzed a tear that had trickled down upon the cheek of a lady who wanted a new dress, and he found it to contain phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium and water. Ever since reading that analysis we have lost faith in tears, and, no matter what a person is bellowing about, we can only look at the tears as they flow over beauty's cheek and think of the phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium and water. The infernal analysis has knocked all the poetry out of tears for us, and we feel as though we wanted our money back.

The Constellation.

The old frigate Constellation, which carried a cargo of food and clothing for the starving in Ireland, is almost as well known in American naval history as the famous Constitution, whose repeated victories earned for her the name of "Old Ironsides." The Constellation was one of several war vessels launched in 1798, when the renown of Paul Jones' great sea-fight yet fired the sailors of the young republic with emulation. England was as yet unconquered on the sea, and a British brig was counted a match for a frigate of any other nation. It was the Constellation, and her sister ships built in the same year, that, in the war of 1812, fairly astonished the world by meeting the British frigates single-handed and forcing them to strike their flags.

Raising Poultry.

It is strange that so few of our countrywomen turn ther attention to poultry raising. It is a health-giving occupation, and the average woman has a nature well fitted to care for the little peeping chicks. A woman is all patience, sympathy and love, qualities that will insure success in the poultry fancy. Out in the air at early morn will soon bring to the snowy cheek a healthy glow. How it will send the blood leaping through your veins! If you cannot keep poultry, you can keep birds, and when the burden of life's cares seems almost to crush you, how their sweet songs will cheer up the aching heart and tired body! If you fill your house with pets, it will fill your hearts with over for all of God's helpless creatures

THE HOUSE AND FARM.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Three cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of suet, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, spices to taste; boil two hours; use with a sauce.

FLAX ON SOD.—My experience two seasons, one wet and the other dry, is that prairie sod, no matter how early turned, rots better, is more free of weeds and grass after a crop of flax than uncropped sod broken in May or June.

TO KEEP flies from horses, procure a bunch of smartweed, and bruise it to cause the juice to exude. Rub the animal thoroughly with the bunch of bruised weed, especially on the legs, neck and ears. Neither flies nor other insects will trouble him for twenty-four hours.

THE best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason, is a vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of mastication. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail, not even in very severe cases.

SAUER-KRAUT.—Take a nice piece of pork, two pounds to one quart of sauer-kraut; wash the pork and cover with boiling water, and boil one hour; then take your sauer-kraut, press all the water from it, and place it around the pork, and boil another hour. When done, serve the pork and the cabbage in separate dishes, with mashed potatoes.

CANARY PUDDING.—The weight of three eggs in sugar and butter, weight of two eggs in flour, rind of one lemon, three eggs; melt the butter but do not let it boil, add to this the finely-minced lemon peel, and gradually mix in the flour, stirring well all the time. Beat up the egg well, blending the material perfectly; put in a buttered basin and boil for two hours. Serve with a sweet sauce.

POTATO PUDDING.—Beat well together fourteen ounces mashed potatoes, four ounces of butter, four ounces of fine sugar, five eggs, and the grated rind of one small lemon; a pinch of salt; add one-half glass of brandy; pour it in a mold or dish well greased, and bake it. Be careful to mash the potatoes as smoothly as possible, and adding a little butter at first helps to make them smooth.

CALF'S FOOT JELLY.—Take two calf's feet, and add to them one gallon of water; boil down to one quart; strain, and, when cold, skim off the fat; add to this the white of six or eight eggs, well beaten, a pint of wine, half a pound of loaf sugar, and the juice of four lemons, and let them be well mixed. Boil the whole for a few minutes, stirring constantly, and then strain through flannel. The wine may be omitted or added, according to choice.

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange says: "I would like to mention to any among your readers who have charge of invalids or delicate children, or who are not able to go out during hot weather, that the air of the room may be much improved by hanging thick towels dipped in cold water, with a little vinegar added, to the open window sash, so that the air passing through is refreshed with moisture and becomes easier to inhale. This is in imitation of a custom prevalent in Calcutta where matting is kept sprinkled on the sunny sides of houses."

SEEDING FOR IMMEDIATE PASTURE.—On land plowed last fall, or in cornstalks, we would advise sowing, as soon as the land is in order in spring, a bushel of oats per acre, with a peck of timothy, ten pounds of red clover, two of white, and a few pounds of blue grass. Keep off the cattle till the oats have covered the ground; then, if you do not stock too heavily, you will have pasture continuously. Seeding down on spring plowing is uncertain, if the season is dry. The increased interest in cattle-growing will demand a largely-increased acreage in grass, and many farmers, we find, are needing pasturage the coming summer who have made no move so far toward it. We have tried the above plan and succeeded very well. The oats disappear in July, but the timothy will then be abundant.—*Hon. James Wilson.*

THE washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All of the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water.

SAVE THE COAL ASHES.—It is not generally appreciated how much heavy soils can be benefited by the use of coal ashes, now generally wasted or applied to the roads. Vick says, in his estimable monthly magazine, that it is quite satisfactorily shown that coal ashes, though not having manurial value sufficient to warrant any expense for carriage or long hauling, may with advantage be spread upon the ground where they are produced. Mixed with heavy soils, their mechanical effect is to lighten it and make it porous and friable. A number of experiments with coal ashes, publicly reported within the last year or two, leave no doubt that they have at least some slight value as manure, and that mixed with heavy land their effect is very beneficial. Upon this subject a practical cultivator, through the columns of a late number of a British journal, gives the following advice and corroborative testimony: "A third part of ashes to two-thirds of soil will not be too much. You will very likely not have enough to do this at once, therefore use what you have and repeat the dressing again and again till the soil, however wet it may be, parts readily from the tool. It may require three or four years to accomplish this if you have only the ashes of an ordinary household at your disposal. But pray remember that once well done it will give you no further trouble; for not only do ashes lighten a heavy soil, but they also render material assistence to its drainage, and it becomes so porous that the passage of rain water is secured; hence it is comparatively dry, and warm, it is open to the action of the air and is therefore sweetened and made more fertile."

FIG PUDDING.—Three-quarters pound grated bread, half pound figs, six ounces brown sugar, one teacupful of milk, and grate a little nutmeg. Chop figs and suet together; then mix in the bread, sugar, and milk, and lastly, one egg well beaten. Boil in a mold for four hours; eat with a sweet sauce.

EARLY PLANTING AND SOWING.—With the soil well prepared, early sowing is most desirable with many crops. Some tender ones make a poor start unless the ground is warmed by the sun and air, and a late frost may do harm. But it is rarely wise to delay because of what may happen, when promptness promises the best results.

BANTING'S dietary for getting rid of superfluous flesh, which is said to be efficacious, is as follows: Lean meat, poultry, game, fruit, dry toast, good claret, dry sherry, green vegetables, and the moderate use of soft-boiled eggs and cheese. By this process, it will be perceived that all farinaceous, saccharine, or oily matter is left out of the list.

THE following preparation is recommended as food for a weak baby: One teacup of oatmeal in two quarts of boiling water, slightly salted. Let it cook two hours and a half, then strain. When cold, to one gill of the gruel add one gill of this cream and one teaspoon of sugar. To this then add one pint of boiling water, and it is ready for use. This can be digested when milk and all else fail.

ENGLISH ARROW-ROOT BLANC MANGE.—Mix a teacupful of arrow-root with a little cold milk, rub it smooth; boil a pint of milk with ten sweet and four bitter almonds, having pounded them smooth first, and having blanched them, sweeten this milk to taste with pulverized sugar; strain carefully; then pour this milk gradually into the arrow-root, stirring all the time; boil for five minutes, and pour into a mold to cool.

CALVES'-FOOT JELLY OF 1780.—Put four feet into two gallons of cold water; let it boil down to one gallon, strain it, and set away until cold; then take off the fat from the top and the sediment from the bottom; put the jelly into a kettle with a pint of white wine, the juice of four lemons, and the peel of one; beat the whites and shells of six eggs and add to it; sweeten to your taste; let it boil for a few minutes; pour into the jelly-bag, and repass until quite clear. If needed for an invalid, add a cup of pale brandy.

TO RENOVATE black goods, take one-fifth of a pound of extract of logwood and one ounce of saleratus; put in a boiler with ten gallons of water, cold or hot; stand over the fire, and when boiling hot put in the goods, either wet or dry; let stand twenty minutes, moving about occasionally; rinse in cold water until the goods drip clear, and iron immediately. This will be found a most excellent recipe for restoring black goods of any kind that have become rusty or brown—cloth, cashmere, a waterproof, worsted grenadine, or any material that will not crockle in wetting. Press on the wrong side.

THE LILY IN GARDENS.—The *Gardener's Monthly* says that as a general thing the lily is not a success in most gardens. This is, however, chiefly from improper soil being used, or their being placed in improper situations. The plants rather like the open sunlight, but the roots abominate hot ground, especially when stiff or clayey. In Prof. Sargent's grounds at Brookline, Mass., they are planted with the rhododendrons, and are a magnificent success. Here the rhododendrons shield the bulbs from the hot sun. It is beside an excellent idea, as a mere matter of garden taste, for the rhododendrons are all over blossoming before the lilies flower, and so the flowering of the beautiful evergreens seems to be prolonged till late in the summer, when the lilies disappear.

THERE is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand. It is this: The white, under three minutes' rapid cooking, becomes tough and indigestible, while the yelk is left raw. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through, like any other food. This result may be obtained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen of eggs, and cover, and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly and sufficiently, and to a jelly-like consistency, having the center, or yelk, harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer and nicer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg. No person will want to eat them boiled after trying this method once.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Farmer* says: "On good ground I have raised from 900 to 1,200 pounds to the acre of good broom corn, and if the season is favorable will give you about fifty to seventy-five bushels of good seed to the acre. It is good for stock, hogs, sheep and young cattle. It is best to tramp it with horses and run it through a windmill. I have known it ground with corn, and it makes good feed in this way; have known it to bring from 30 to 40 cents a bushel for feeding milch cows, and have known it to be used for making whisky. It makes a very fiery whisky. If left to get ripe on the stalk, the brush is red, and does not sell for nearly as much, and that is the reason there is not more of it left to ripen, and use the seed for feed; have known it fed to sheep all winter, and in the spring the sheep looked well; have kept stock-hogs on it all winter, without giving them any corn.

TO MAKE CIDER VINEGAR.—The *Ohio Farmer* gives the following: To make good vinegar the cider need not be pure. One-fourth water, one-fourth good vinegar, and one-half cider, if placed in casks partly filled and kept in a warm place, will make good vinegar in a short time. Where vinegar is not convenient, put a piece of dough or lean meat in each cask. The rapid process is to fill a cask—set on end, with upper head removed—two-thirds full of beech shavings which have been previously scalded and saturated with vinegar. Then compel the cider to drip through these shavings, by means of numerous small holes filled with bits of thread. A process rapid enough for home manufacture is as follows: Place the cask in a warm place, with a gallon or more of vinegar in it; add a pint of cider for each week till the cask is full. If you put in a gallon of vinegar at first, add a pint of cider, then, in a week, a little more than a pint, the third time about a pint and a half, and so on, the addition becoming larger each week.

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EVENTIDE.

BY WILLIS H. SCOFIELD.

Now wanes the golden light of day,
As slowly sinks the sun to rest,
And leaves behind a golden ray,
The soul to cheer, the sight to bless;
Soon will the velvet pall be spread
By dark-winged goddess of the night,
And sleep—twin brother of the dead—
Weigh down the eyelids by his might.

From bramble near and quickset hedge
Is heard the whip-poor-will's lone cry,
While in the ancient oak o'erhead
The hooting owls their high notes try;
The flowers fold their tiny hands,
As if to breathe a prayer to Him
Who gave them all their brightest hues,
His earth to deck, His fields to gem.

The weary granger slowly plods
His homeward path from daily toil
Of hobbling o'er the sun-baked clods
To gain his bread from off the soil;
His good dame, maid of all work—is
Cook, governess and milkmaid, all—
Stands calling at the pasture bars
The cows, that answer with a bawl.

The busy mart is all aglow
With lamps that supersede the day,
And laborers from their shopwork go,
As distant sounds the noisy dray;
The tradesman, low o'er day-book bent,
Recounts again his daily sale,
And reckons loss, and gain, and rent,
That he, like others, may not fail.

What mean those sweet strains of music
That gently float upon the air
Through the window of your mansion,
Where's thronged the young, the gay and fair?
Oh, within there is a ball to-night,
In honor of the eldest son,
Whom mammas court, both left and right—
To-day's the last of twenty-one!

The night is spent in gayety,
While flying feet to music sweet
Keep time with regularity
Until the "first day's" timid peep.
Oh, proud, proud ones of humankind,
That grace your lovely mother earth,
Reck ye not that you He'll find,
E'en 'mid gay jollity and mirth?

A sound of revelry is heard
Within the palaces of sin,
Where's spent the price of daily bread
For poison whisky, rum and gin;
While down yon dark and lonely street
An old and squalid cottage stands,
Where sits with heart too sore to weep
A pale-faced woman with clenched hands.

Scolding, and chant the fire,
That's no darling boy upon the hearth,
While starving children round her are
That once were full of joy and mirth.
It is the home of him who once
Gave early promises of good,
But love of wine has been the curse
That robs his children of their food.

But 'ere Luna her night-robe dons,
Of flowing zephyr, fleecy white,
And little stars, with night-caps on,
Come forth to dance the live-long night,
Old Sol sends night, his daughter fair
(Who wedded heat from Hades out),
Intrusted with a missive rare
Of what the day has brought about.

Maid Dawn, in early fragrant morn,
Rolled up the curtain of the night,
Whilst Aurora, from her mountain home,
Welcomed all with smiles of light,
And drumming on an ardent log,
With never-ceasing roundelay,
While fieldward farmers are agog,
The pheasant heralds in the day.

The flowers first the sunshine claim
To mark their sundest golden hue,
And then the waving verdant grain
That's wet with morning's gentle dew.
A nation's born, a nation dies,
'Tween sun and sun of every day;
One filled with mirth, another cries;
Commingled are the sad and gay.

Sol made his boast of colors gay
That's seen in heaven's golden hoop,
Of travelers famished by the way
Where he'd dried all the water up;
And then a list of other things—
But here rude Bore is grasped the sheet,
And bore it 'neath his stormy wings
Unto his home upon the sea.

LES INCOMPREHENSIBLES.

BOOK I.

A man sat on a picket fence.

Picket fences were invented by Charlemagne and improved upon by Charles II. of England.

Still the man sat on the fence.

BOOK II.

The fence surrounded a tall, gloomy building. The building had shutters at the window. The man was a Frenchman. There were other Frenchmen in the same neighborhood. They were in bed. Frenchmen were discovered by Oliver Cromwell, and subsequently patented by the author. They are copyrighted. All Frenchmen not bearing the signature of the author are spurious.

It was night. It was a dark night. Darkness is a shadow that rises from the ground when the sun goes down.

The man on the fence was thinking. His name was Lippiatt.

BOOK III.

Lippiatt loved Maronette. Maronette was a girl. She knew Lippiatt. She did not know that Lippiatt loved her.

Maronette lived in the gloomy house. Lippiatt did not tell Maronette that he loved her. He was contented to sit on the fence in front of her house. He was a quiet man. Like all Frenchmen, he was the bravest man in thirteen countries. He was a tailor. A tailor is one who promises to have your clothes done Saturday, and then brings them around week after next.

Lippiatt was poor. All heroes are poor.

BOOK IV.

Maronette opened a window and shied an old boot at Lippiatt.

'Is that you, Lippiatt?" she said.

'Yes," said Lippiatt.

Maronette laughed.

"My father says I must marry the man who will bring him the Norwegian maelstrom," said Maronette.

Lippiatt got off the fence and walked away.

BOOK V.

Like all tailors in France, Lippiatt was a good sailor. He stole a boat and started for the coast of Norway. A fearful storm came on. The world drew on a heavy cloak to protect it from the storm. The sea opened a thousand mouths to swallow Lippiatt. It was hungry for him. His beard and hair were filled with salt. Great grasping hands of darkness reached down to snatch him.

Lippiatt only laughed.

The scene grew wilder. Monsters of water crowded against the boat. They were reaching for Lippiatt. He steered his boat to avoid them.

A wave averages twenty feet in height. It contains 400 tons of water. It is thicker at the base than at the top. In that respect it is like a pyramid. But it is not three-cornered. It is oval in shape. A round wave is a waterspout. A waterspout is thick at the top and bottom and slender in the middle.

Lippiatt knew this.

He was afraid of waves. He was fearful of waterspouts.

BOOK VI.

In four days Lippiatt arrived at the maelstrom.

"It is for Maronette," said he.

The maelstrom is shaped like a funnel. The lower end is at the bottom. The mouth is at the top. It is caused by the tides. The Norwegians suppose it is caused by a hole in the earth. Lippiatt knew better.

He went down in the maelstrom and fastened a rope around the lower end. To this rope he adjusted blocks and pulleys. Then he climbed out of the pit and fastened the other end of the rope to the mast-head. The blocks gave him a purchase.

He rested.

BOOK VII.

Having rested, Lippiatt pulled on the rope. He pulled the maelstrom inside out. The bottom was then at the top. It spun around like an inverted top.

Lippiatt drove a staple into it and fastened his line. Then he set sail. The maelstrom followed.

"I shall marry Maronette," he said.

BOOK VIII.

Another man sat on the picket fence. It was Goudenay. Goudenay loved Maronette. Maronette loved Goudenay.

Goudenay saw something coming in the harbor.

"What is that?" he asked.

It looked like an inverted funnel. It was 1,000 feet high.

"I don't know," said Maronette.

She was right; she didn't.

BOOK IX.

Lippiatt disembarked. He took the maelstrom on his shoulders. Then he went to the gloomy house. He hung the maelstrom on the picket fence.

"How do you do, Goudenay?" he asked.

He knew Goudenay. He had disappointed him about some trousers.

"I am happy," said Goudenay. "I am going to marry Maronette."

Lippiatt looked at Maronette.

"Yes," she said, "I marry Goudenay this morning."

BOOK X.

Lippiatt went to the wedding.

He gave Maronette a silver card-receiver.

Maronette smiled.

Lippiatt went back to the picket fence. He ate the maelstrom up.

BOOK XI.

As the wedding party went home they saw a dead body lying beside the picket fence. The point of the maelstrom was sticking out of the mouth.

"Good gracious!" said Maronette.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Goudenay.

It was Lippiatt.

The Worst Old Pelicans in the Deck.

One of the most remarkable things noticeable in social life is the unanimity with which people shake their relatives. Recently a gentleman arrived in Carson with a letter of introduction to one of our leading citizens from the citizen's uncle. After the Carsonite read the letter, he remarked:

"Glad to see you, sir. Glad to see anybody who knows my uncle in Cleveland. How are all the folks?"

"Splendid. I spent six weeks there last fall, and I don't think I ever met such a fine family of genial, hospitable and cultivated people."

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed—I never spent a pleasanter time in my life. Your relatives are, indeed, the—"

"Well, young man, if my relatives are such fine people they must have changed like thunder since I lived with them. I lived there a year, and I think about they are the worst pelicans in the deck. I wouldn't spend a month with the crowd for the whole town of Cleveland."

"Indeed," said the other. "Well, since you've been so candid about it, I might as well remark right here that your uncle and his whole family are the toughest collection of old fossils I have ever had the misfortune to be steered against."

"Put it there, young man—you show good sense. Let's go out and take something."

In a few minutes more the two men were pledging perdition to the Cleveland relatives over a foaming schooner of Carson beer.—*Leadville Democrat.*

Owls as Pets.

When the boys in Europe wish to rob an owl's nest of the young, and cannot reach down the hollow tree, they tie a worsted stocking to a stick, and poke it down. The birds turn on their backs and grasp the stocking with their claws, and are easily drawn up, as they possess the faculty of holding on in a high degree, as my torn clothes and lacerated hands could frequently testify. Owls are easily tamed, and sometimes make interesting pets, although there are more differences in individual tempers than most people would imagine. I have living at this time three snowy owls, captured this winter. One was wounded with a rifle ball; one was trapped; the other attacked a hen in malday, but was in turn knocked over by a gallant gamecock; the farmer saw the circumstance, ran and threw his coat over the owl and secured him. All my birds are very tame, and will submit to be coaxed on the head, and will take food from the hand at any time of the day or night. I think I may say the snowy owl is an exception among rapacious birds in the quality of its flesh, as it is really tender and well tasted. I have known it eaten on several occasions and pronounced excellent. One was served up incognito at a public dinner, and was greatly relished.

To Cut an Orange.

A nice way to cut an orange, according to *St. Nicholas* is to make two cuts around it, just through the rind, locating them as if the orange was the globe, the stem and the blossom ends being the poles; and we were endeavoring to lay off the tropic lines on either side of the torrid zone. Now remove the rind from the ends, leaving that portion of it representing the torrid zone undisturbed. Next cut this across immediately over one of the division lines between the sections of the pulp, and open out, leaving the back of each section of pulp adhering to the strips of rind. It is both convenient and beautiful.

PHYSIC, says an old surgeon, is the art of amusing the patient while nature cures the disease.

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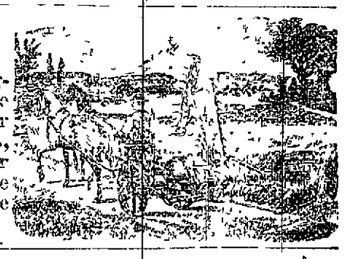
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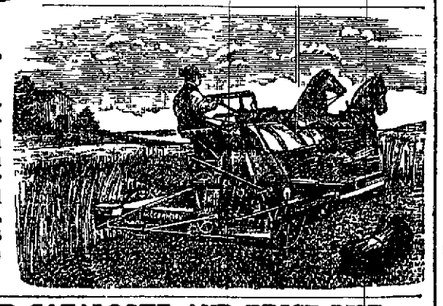
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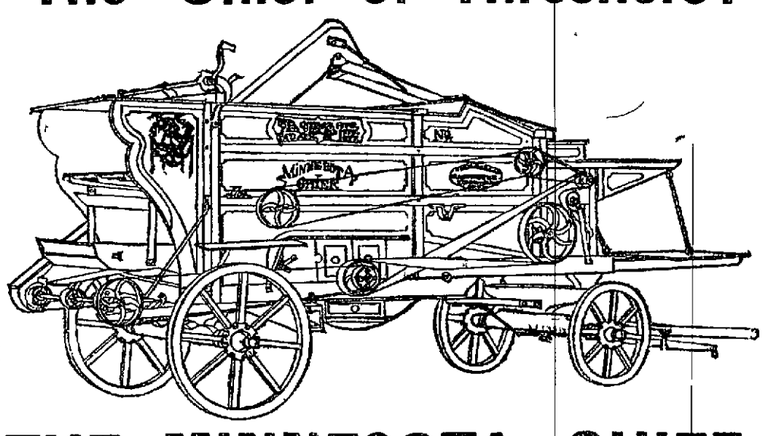
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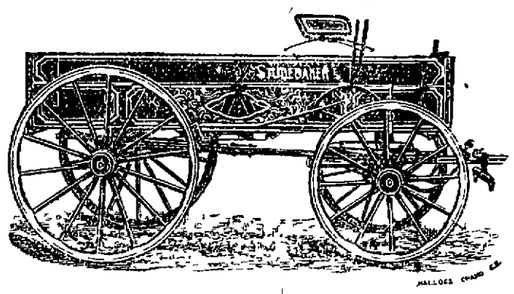


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Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line, of Nonpareil type, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch

Professional cards, four lines or less, $10 per annum.

Advertisements in column of "Wants," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.

Legal notices at regular statute rates.

Original poetry $1 per line.

For contract rates of display advertising apply at this office or send for advertising rate card.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev J. G. Miller, B. D., Rector. At the rector's residence. Blessed sacrament on all Sundays and other holy days of obligation, at 11 a. m., St. Paul time. Sunday school and evensong at 2 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. J. M. BELL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday service at 11 a. m and 8:30 p. m., St. Paul time. All are invited, seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock W. C. STEVENS, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.

P. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM FOPPA, O. S. B., Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M. The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No 120. A. F. & A. M. are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
JOSEPH HARE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. WM. RAEHR, N. G.
WM. VANKUSTER, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.

ED. SEMAN, Foreman.
DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:15 a. m.

FORTS.—Leave for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 4:30 p. m.

Leave for Forts Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points on Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 4 p. m.

BLACK HILLS.—Leaves daily at 8 p. m.

Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m

Office open from 7 a. m to 9 p. m; Sundays, from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880.

OF all the men named for congress James A Garfield combines the greatest elements of popularity.

THE Central City Daily *Herald* publishes an interesting account of the reception given to Bishop Marty in the Hills.

THE Homestake company, the *Pioneer* says, made its semi monthly clean up last week, realizing from fourteen days' run $157,000.

TILDEN and his barrel will scarcely be able to carry New York against men so good as James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur, while Ohio is as certain to sustain Garfield as the sun is to rise and set.

ALL of the elements in the republican party are now working harmoniously. The party was never better united. It will not be possible for the democrats to place a ticket in the field that will be so generally and so heartily commended.

THE Caledonia mine, Black Hills, is yielding $25,000 per month. The Homestake is now giving out exceedingly rich ore. The Black Hills mines are daily gaining in the estimation of mining men. Black Hills stocks are a safe investment.

THERE were no sorcheads after the Chicago convention. Even the vanquished concede the superiority of the nomination, and those are few indeed who wish the result had been different. With such men as Gen. Garfield at their head soldiers marched with lighter hearts. Under such leaders men achieve their greatest triumphs.

THE Western *Enterprise* (democratic) says the democrats of the Hills earnestly desire to see Capt. J. B. Raymond nominated for congress, and that every dealer in liquor or cigars, and all persons who were in any manner affected by the cigar rack act last fall will take special pleasure in voting against him, and it adds: "They would not be content with their own vote either, but would see that their relations, and all of their wives' relations, and their friends voted, too, and voted for some one else."

THE steadfastness of the Grant men is to be admired. Without hope of Grant's nomination and yet able at any time to name the candidate by combining with Sherman or Edmunds, they stood by their hero until every element had combined against them—they stood as the general would have his friends stand, fighting without thought of surrender until the victory of their opponents was recorded. Grant receiving on the thirty-sixth ballot as on the first 305. When sustained by such friends defeat loses its sting.

JAMES A. GARFIELD was born in Ohio Nov. 19, 1831, and is consequently forty-nine years of age. Graduated at Williams' College, Massachusetts, in 1856 and studied and practiced law. He entered the Union army in 1861, as colonel of the 42nd Ohio Volunteers, was promoted to brigadier-general, June 10th, 1862; was appointed chief of staff, army of the Cumberland and made full major-general in Sept. 1863. He was elected to 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, and 45th congresses, and re-elected to the 46th congress. Last winter he was elected United States senator to succeed A. G. Thurman for the term of office beginning March 4, 1881.

PREFERRING Windom for the first place on the ticket, THE TRIBUNE is entirely satisfied with the nomination of James A. Garfield for the presidency. Gen. Garfield made an enviable record as a soldier, and during all the years he has been in congress no taint has attached to his name. To-day he is the recognized leade of the house of representatives and commands the respect of all who know him. It is an honor to be a republican when such men as James A. Garfield and Wm. Windom are nominated for office. The nomination of Mr. Garfield assures success in the campaign—not only success in the presidential campaign, but the party will be so strengthened as to enable them to regain control of congress Without desiring to throw rocks at Gen. Grant or Mr Blaine, it is fortunate that neither was nominated. With either at the head of the ticket, defeat was probable—with Garfield at the head, victory is certain.

CORNELL was surveyor of the port of New York and chairman of the national republican executive committee, and Arthur was a member of that committee when executive order No. 1, requiring federal office holders to refrain from taking part in political meetings and prohibiting them from acting on political committees, was issued. Both were requested to retire from their political positions and both refused, whereupon the president nominated others for their official positions. The senate declined to confirm the nominees thus justifying these gentlemen in their course. The New York republicans in order to further justify them nominated and elected Cornell governor and now Arthur is nominated for vice president. He is a man of character, and unquestioned integrity and the New York *Herald* says the shrewdest politician in the United States.

FOR vice president Chester A. Arthur, collector of the Port of New York, was nominated. While THE TRIBUNE would have preferred another, the nomination of Arthur means success in New York and therefore success in the campaign. It is a concession to Conkling, and a justification of his fight on the so-called civil service reform movement of President Hayes, which proposed to deprive men of their rights as American citizens because they happened to be in office. The republicans of New York are now satisfied. They have been sustained in their local contests by the senate of the United States and endorsed by the national republican convention. They carried New York for Cornell in 1879 and will carry it for Garfield and Arthur in 1880.

BOTH Garfield and Arthur, nominees for president and vice president, were delegates to the Chicago convention, Arthur, collector of the port of New York, appearing in defiance of executive order No. 1, for the violation of which postmaster Filley, of New Orleans, was removed. Other prominent members of the convention were also federal officials, noticeably Green B. Raum, commissioner of internal revenue, Geo. H. Sharp, surveyor of the port of New York, who succeeded Cornell, whom the president tried to remove for a similar offense.

THE TRIBUNE presented its readers full special dispatches in relation to the Chicago convention. No paper in the country was better fixed for news. Mr. Sutor, the Chicago manager of the Associated Press, was its special correspondent. When the lines were down from the east, it received full dispatches through its special correspondent at Deadwood, and received all news sent out by the Associated Press organization. Its special correspondent at St. Paul was ready to supply any deficiency.

THE republicans of Bismarck without exceptions are pleased with the nomination of Garfield. Not one objects. Of course the Grant men, who were probably in the majority, regretted the failure of their favorite but they concede the eminent fitness of Gen. Garfield and realize the strength of the combination that resulted in Garfield's selection and rejoice that all cause for dissension in republican ranks is removed; and from present indications this is the situation in all parts of the country.

THERE'LL be no need of a bloody shirt in this campaign. The record of the past three years is a good enough banner. With a steady hand the republicans have guided the country from distress to prosperity, the democrats opposing almost every measure for the relief of the people. They have cared only for party success—the republicans have labored to bring about an era of sound currency, which in its train would bring employment for labor.

REPUBLICAN success means the protection of the rights of all men, and the protection of men in all their rights. It means an era of peace and prosperity. It means the opening of new states and territories; the extension of railroads and the employment of labor. Improvement is the watchword of republicans.

THE coming presidential campaign will be as enthusiastic as were the campaigns of 1840 and 1860, and will be more successful than the campaign of 1872, for every republican heart beats high with hope—all work with confidence. Success now means success for twenty years to come, and under these circumstances it will be easy recruiting for republican ranks. Nothing promotes success like the certainty of success.

HAD democratic ideas of public policy prevailed, there would scarcely be a mile of railroad under construction to-day in the United States. The public domain in Dakota and other western territories would have remained unknown, and of course unsettled, while the poor in the over-crowded east would have become poorer while the Tildens and Packards would have added to their millions.

A "medium" prophesies a terrible storm, beginning at Mankato and extending to St. Paul, which will be a terror to the people on the 17th of June. He evidently made a mistake in his dates. The storm was the most terrific ever known, and commenced operations at Mankato, extending to St. Paul, as prophesied, but on June 5th. At least it is a singular coincidence.

THE St. Paul *Dispatch* says of Garfield: "He is a grand, noble, splendid man, honest, able, self-poised, and self commanding. He will make a strong candidate, and an able, upright, pure and positive executive officer.

THE Black Hills *Times* now favors the re-nomination of Judge Bennett, and there is a growing feeling all over the territory in his favor.

CHESTER A. Arthur is a brother of paymaster Arthur, well known in this city.

THE editor of the Brookings *Journal* is out with an extra. His is a ten pound boy.

Army Intelligence.

Lieut. Grimes passed the week in St. Paul on a business trip.

Col. and Mrs. Tilford, 7th cavalry, left for St. Paul Monday morning.

A. A. Surgeon F. B. Loring has been ordered to report at Fort Meade for duty.

Gen. Miles delivers the address before the graduating class at West Point this month.

Assistant surgeon W. B. Davis, and Lieut. H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry, registered Wednesday at the Sheridan.

Col. Gundo Ilges, major of the 5th Infantry, has transferred wit Maj. David H. Brotherton, of the 7th Infantry.

Lieut. McDonald, of the Northwest Mounted Police, leaves for Sitting Bull's precincts on Saturday's steamer.

J. D. Sadler, hospital steward at Fort Yates, came up Monday to attend the wedding of his friend, Mr. Wm Macnider.

Lieut. G. D. Wallace, 7th Cavalry, arrived from Fort Meade Wednesday and goes to Fort Yates on court martial duties.

Mrs. O'Toole, wife of Post-trader O'Toole, of Fort Keogh, was a passenger on the Big Horn to meet her husband at this place.

Lieut. Clark, with five companies from Fort Keogh, are protecting the surveying parties of Gen. Dodge in the Yellowstone country.

Capt. Beach's company, 11th Infantry, is stationed three miles west of Young Man's Butte, the headquarters of Maj. Merrill, on the extension.

Lieut. Mann, A. Q. M., left for the front Wednesday morning to assume charge of his duties as the quartermaster of the command on the extension.

Lieut. O. J. C. Hock, of Pembina, arrived from Keogh Monday, having in charge eight prisoners, principally deserters, bound for Fort Leavenworth.

The command under Maj. Merrill has been disposed at short intervals all along the line of the North Pacific extension from Green river to the Little Missouri.

Capt. and Mrs. Dalrymple Clark, of the British Army have been in the city for the past week and are en route for Fort McLeod, leaving by Saturday's steamer, Coulson line.

Capt. D. D. Wheeler, of the Q M Department, detailed to accompany the Merrill command, has been relieved by Lieut. Mann, of Fort Lincoln, and ordered to Yankton.

Whittaker, the mutilatist, has been placed under arrest by Gen. Schofield, confined to his quarters and will suffer the tediousness of another trial in the shape of a courtmartial.

An army officer, the Black Hills *News* says, at Fort Laramie, staked $25,000 on the result of the Chicago convention. At his individual expense he received telegrams every half hour.

Maj. James McLaughlin has been nominated by the president as Indian agent at Devil's Lake agency. Maj. McLaughlin has held the position to which he has been re-appointed for a long time.

Maj. McElrath, formerly of the army but more recently editor of the Yellowstone *Journal*, published at Miles City, M. T., has been confirmed as register of the United States land office at that place.

Mrs. Gen. Miles came down on the Big Horn from Keogh leaving for Chicago Wednesday morning. She will meet the general in that city and go to West Point. Gen. Miles is one of the "Board of Visitors" to that institution.

Companies A, E, and G, of the 7th Cavalry, Captains Moylan, Isley and Tourtellotte, have been distributed along the Little Missouri seventy-five miles west of Deadwood where Bly's outfit are cutting ties for the Northern Pacific railroad.

Mrs. Gen. Miles was here during the convention excitement and felt quite elated over the nomination of Garfield. Mrs. Miles is a niece of Secretary Sherman and sister of Mrs. Don Cameron. Gen. Garfield is a warm personal friend.

Lieut. W. F. Zeilin, of the Marine Corps, was thrown from his horse near Norfolk and killed. He was the son of Gen. Zeilin, of Washington, late commandant of the Marine Corps, and had but recently been promoted to a first lieutenancy.

Col. Elmer Otis, commandant of Fort Lincoln, and Lieut-colonel of the 7th Cavalry, was in town this week. The colonel is thoroughly devoted to army life and the advancement of his line of service. A close student of military science and withal a perfect gentleman. He has been material in bringing the standard of the 7th up to its present mark, and it is ranked with the 5th as being the two crack regiments of the line.

Mrs. Gen. Miles, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Meeke and Miss Addie Meeks, Lieut. Roe and family, Lieut. Kingsbury and family, Mrs. Borden and Mrs. Davis and Miss Reynolds went east Tuesday. Lieuts. Roe and Kingsbury have six months' leave.

Miss Ella Sturgis, daughter of Gen. Sturgis, appeared on the stage in "Romeo and Juliet," at St. Louis on the 21st ult. The St. Louis *Dispatch* says Miss Sturgis achieved a remarkable success and this was the decision not only of the young lady's admirers but of those whose judgment was not influenced by the contagious enthusiasm.

The funeral of Col. Joseph C. Audenreid, Captain 5th cavalry of Gen. Sherman's staff, took place in Washington last Thursday and was largely attended, many prominent officials attending. The remains were taken to Philadelphia, where services were to be held, and from there removed to their final resting place at West Point. Col. Audenreid was one of the most popular officers at Washington.

NEW YORK ENTERPRISE.

Rapid Growth of the Metropolis—Underground Railways.

The steady growth of the population of New York City, and the constant increase in its immense business, demands further facilities for the transportation of its people that will not interfere with the already limited business space, and insure rapid transit. The elevated railways have proved successful both financially and as safe mediums of transit, and it is to be hoped the time is not far distant when the crowded streets will be entirely deserted of street cars and stages that seriously interrupt the movement of the immense stores of merchandise from the wholesale houses to the depots and wharves. Great loss of time by these delays occurs in all the lower streets of the city, and as the city's growth carries the large importers and wholesale dealers up town, the space now occupied by the street roads and stages must necessarily give way, and the underground and elevated roads take the place entirely of the present system of street cars and omnibuses. A law has been passed by the state granting the necessary authority to tunnel the various streets of the great city for a system of underground railways, and work will commence at once. The city will be undermined with a net-work of roads traversing the entire lower part of the island and running up and along the Harlem and North rivers. Stations at each block will be provided, and the contrivances for the distribution of fresh air, and light from electric sources will be arranged upon the latest scientific and successfully tested plans. It will cost to build these roads $2,000,000 per mile; somewhat less than the average cost of the London underground railways that were built years ago before the present system of tunneling with superior machinery built for this work alone, had been perfected. The London railways are rated among the most profitable investments of that metropolis and annually carry an estimate of one hundred and fifty millions of people, the roads permeating in every direction under the entire city. Less accidents have occurred on these roads than upon those built above ground, and in the thickly settled portions of the city the trains arrive and leave every minute during the day. The New York underground railway is being built almost entirely by French capital, and is to be completed in two years. It will commence at the old city hall in the neighborhood of the tunnel that was begun in the days of the Tweed regime and which succumbed with the "ring" after a single block in length had been constructed. The exigencies of New York's growing business demands that this ground should be thus utilized, and ere a decade of years shall have passed, a catacomb of railways will underlie the metropolitan city of America.

In clothing Sig. Hanauer offers on his bargain counter the best inducements ever offered in clothing. It will pay you to look at them. 38-5

Taken Up.

One Black Mare Pony, several years old, with star on forehead—One yearling Horse Pony with white strip on face came to my place on the 15th inst. Owner can have same by proving property and pay charges. W. L. GIBSON, Burnt Creek. 1-3

Croquet Sets, at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Closing Out Sale.

Remember the closing out sale of clothing for the next twenty days at W. B. WATSON'S.

Paint, Varnish, and Kalsomining Brushes at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Sig. has the largest stock of men's boots and shoes in the city, and sells them at eastern prices. 38-5

A Fine Assortment of Bird Cages at D. I. BAILEY & CO'S.

Rubber Boots.

Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

Cascara Cardial.

The great Chinese remedy for Dyspepsia, for sale at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Stimpson

Has a ladies' entrance to his Ice Cream Parlors.

White Lead, Linseed Oil and Turpentine, at HOLLEMBAEK'S

Misses' and Children's Shoes,

At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S

Ice Cream by the Quantity

For family use STIMPSON'S.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,

34 N. Fourth St.,

Practical Boot Maker,

— Likewise —

BUILDER OF SHOES

Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures indigestion and all disorders of the stomach.

BANK

WALTER MANN, Pres't, St. Paul, Minn. G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r Bismarck, D. T.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF BISMARCK,

Bismarck, - - - Dakota.

Paid up Capital $50,000

DIRECTORS:

WALTER MANN, G H FAIRCHILD,
H R PORTER, ASA FISHER,
DAN EISENBERG.

CORRESPONDENTS:

American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York.
First National Bank, Chicago,
Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.

Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits.

Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamboats.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Washington Life Insurance Company

On the 31st day of December, 1879.

The name of the Company is the Washington Life Insurance Company. It is located in New York. The amount of its Capital Stock is $125,000. The amount of its Capital Stock paid up is $125,000.

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand or in the hands of agents or other persons	$ 255 816 92
Real estate unincumbered	456 786 11
Bonds owned by the Company, to-wit market value	2 165 175 00
Loans on Bond and Mortgage being first lien on unincumbered real estate worth double the amount loaned	2 548 772 02
Debts otherwise secured	68 958 72
Debts for premiums	109 765 59
Total assets	5 605 275 36

LIABILITIES:

Losses adjusted and due	$ 21 313 44
Losses adjusted and not due	70 306 01
Losses unadjusted	21 166 09
All other claims against the Company	1 559 781
Total liabilities	4 662 566 54

The greatest amount insured in any one risk $30,000

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

William A Brewer, Jr., President, and William Haxtum, Secretary of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York City, being duly sworn, depose and say, that the foregoing is a full, true and correct statement of the affairs of said Company, that the said Insurance Company is the bonafide owner of at least ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS of actual cash capital invested in the State and United States stocks and bonds, or in bond and mortgages of real estate unincumbered and worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged; and they are the above described officers of the said Insurance Company.

WM. A. BREWER, JR., President.
W. HAXTUM Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25th day of March, 1880.

THOMAS PENNY, Notary Public, Kings County, N. Y.

SEAL

OFFICE OF TERRITORIAL AUDITOR, Yankton, Dakota, March 31st, 1880.

I, L. M. Purdy, Deputy Auditor of the Territory of Dakota, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original statement of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York City on the 31st day of December, 1879, and now on file in this office.

L. M. PURDY, Deputy Auditor.

THE TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

WHEREAS, the Washington Life Insurance Company, located in the city of New York and State of New York, has filed in this office a sworn statement of its condition on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1879, in accordance with the provisions of an act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Dakota, relating to Insurance Companies, approved February 16th, 1877, and

Whereas, on examination of the sworn statement of said Company filed in this office, I find that the said Insurance Company is possessed of the necessary amount of capital invested as required by law.

Therefore I, E. A. Sherman, Auditor of Dakota Territory, do hereby certify that said Insurance Company is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in said Territory, for the year ending December 31st, 1880, by agents properly appointed.

ROBT. H. MONTGOMERY, Agent, Mandan, D. T.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 31st day of March, A D 1880

SEAL E. A. SHERMAN, Auditor.
By L. M. PURDY, Deputy.

J. A. SABIN, Gen'l Manager of Agencies.

DRUGS

DUNN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGISTS,

NO. 92 MAIN STREET.

HIDES

GEO. OBERNE, Chicago. Established 1868. H. M. HOSICK Des Moines, Ia

CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.

CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.

Oberne, Hosick & Co.,

BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA.

Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Houses:

Omaha 257 & 259 Harney St.
Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St
Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter, 17th St.
Ottumwa, Iowa, 39 Main St.
Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Pueblo, Colorado.
Bismarck, Dakota.

INSURANCE.

FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE.

Connecticut	$ 1,483,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	29,000,000
Traders	859,000
La Confiance	5,660,000
Hamburg-Magdeburg	833,000
Hamburg-Bremen	1,234,000
German-American	2,619,000

49tf F. J. CALL, Agent.

LAND NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Bismarck, D. T., May 21, 1880.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Dora A. Claussen, against Lyman L. Sperry, for abandoning his Timber Culture Entry, No. 75, dated Sept. 20th, 1878, upon the south west quarter, section 28, township 139, range 79, in Burleigh County, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of June, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MANTOR, Register.
52-4 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., May 27th, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof, on Saturday, the 26th day of June, 1880: Orlando S. Goff, for the S ½ of S. E. ¼, and S. ½ of S. W. ¼, of Sec. 30, Tp. 139, Range 81, and names the following as his witnesses: S. Baker, Geo. W. Harmon, Ed. Ayres, and W. C. Gooding, of Burleigh Co., D. T. Post Office Address, Bismarck, D. T.

PETER MANTOR, Register.
1-5

BAKERY

AUSTIN LOGAN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and

BAKERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices. 51tf

TAILOR.

T. J. TULLY,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor,

Cor. 3rd and Meigs Sts.

Bismarck, - - Dakota.

2 tf

LUMBER

C. S. WEAVER & CO.,

Dealers in

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

Doors, Sash and Mouldings,

Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of

Buildings, Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

WOOD-WORKERS.

BOSTWICK & ARNOLD,

Variety Wood Workers.

Wood Turning, Scroll Sawing, Office Desks, Screen Doors, &c. Repairing Furniture a specialty. Dunkley's shop opposite R. R. warehouse, Front St.

MEDICAL.

[illegible] BITTERS is [illegible] and Tonic [illegible] the time builds up [illegible] the system, invigorates the liver, [illegible] and cures dyspepsia. It is [illegible] all other medicines offered for similar purposes. It is composed of barks, roots, seeds, gums and iron. No remedy has ever gained such wide reputation in so short a time for purifying, toning up, and reinforcing the whole system, and imparting cheerfulness, vivacity and buoyancy of spirits, as the sovereign remedy.

Manufactured by J. P. ALLEN,

Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

For Sale by W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Bismarck, D. T.



DR. FELLER'S

Private

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

42 Jackson Street, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

[Four doors from Merchant's Hotel.]

Speedily Cures all Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, without the use of Mercury or hindrance from business.

NO CURE, NO PAY

Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, and all old, lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing blotches, sore throat, pains in the head and bones, and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder, are CURED FOR LIFE.

Young, Middle-Aged and Old Men, who are suffering from the terrible effects of Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, and loss of Sexual Power, as the result of self-abuse in youth, or excesses of mature years, producing emissions, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, consumption, loss of memory, etc., are cured [illegible] and permanently cured in a short time, when all others have failed, by Dr. F.

The doctor is a regular graduate, of many years experience in this specialty. His remedies having been used for over thirty years, and having never failed in curing even the worst cases, he is able to guarantee a certain and speedy cure for all troubles of a private nature. Consultation personally or by letter free. Cases and correspondence sacredly confidential. Write for List of Questions. His patients are being treated by mail and express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a m to 12 m., and 1:30 to 8 p m. Sundays closed 37—

Galenic Medical Institute.

45 EAST THIRD ST.

SAINT PAUL MINN.

COPYRIGHTED.

Established 1861, for the cure of Private, Nervous, and Chronic Diseases, including Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of Women, &c.

The Physicians of this old and reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases—are regular graduates—and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken and may be consulted personally or by letter.

No Fee Till Cured

Sufferers from any of those ailments, before consulting others should understand their diseases and the latest improved Treatment adopted at our institute, by reading our books.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

COMPLIMENTARY.

What the Press Throughout the Country Think of The Tribune.

[Swan Lake New Era.]

The illustrated number of the Bismarck TRIBUNE has reached our table, and it is certainly a splendid immigration paper.

[Bridgewater Echo.]

The Illustrated edition of the Bismarck TRIBUNE, which is just out, is a master effort in Dakota journalism It gives Northern Dakota a good "send off."

[Northern Tier.]

Col. Lounsberry's mammoth edition of 40,000 copies of the Bismarck TRIBUNE is out, and from advance sheets it is as handsome a piece of newspaper work as was ever turned out.

[Elk Point Courier.]

The illustrated edition of the Bismarck TRIBUNE is out and it is a credit to Col. Lounsberry, the editor and proprietor. The caloncl is right at home when a good newspaper is wanted.

[Vermillion Republican.]

The Bismarck TRIBUNE is out with its promised illustrated edition. The paper is the best one ever gotten out in this territory and reflects great credit on Col. Lounsberry. The illustrations of buildings in Bismarck are fine.

[Sioux Falls Independent.]

A copy of the illustrated edition of the Bismarck TRIBUNE has reached us. To any one who wishes to post himself in regard to the northern part of Dakota we can give no better advice than for them to send three three-cent stamps for a copy of this paper.

[Eden Sun.]

The Bismarck TRIBUNE comes out this week in the shape of a forty-eight column illustrated edition, and containing fine sketches of the "Missouri River Slope," "Dakota's Wheat Valleys," and the Black Hills and Yellowstone country. It is a valuable immigration document, minus the gush peculiar to other papers.

[Grand Forks Herald.]

The illustrated number of the Bismarck TRIBUNE, descriptive of Northern Dakota, is out, and is a very creditable production, indeed. Besides containing well written articles of the Black Hills, Yellowstone, Missouri river, Red River and Northern Pacific countries, generous space is devoted to Grand Forks county, written, evidently, by one thoroughly conversant with its magnificent county. THE TRIBUNE should be widely circulated. It is a good one.

[Yankton Press and Dakotaian.]

The Bismarck TRIBUNE has entered upon its eighth volume. THE TRIBUNE has been conducted with excellent journalistic ability and has enjoyed a fair share of prosperity. As a newspaper it has no superior in the territory and with the development of the far northwest its field of usefulness will widen and become more important. Under its present vigorous and able management we regard THE TRIBUNE as one of the most promising journals in the northwest.

[Roscoe Express.]

The Bismarck TRIBUNE'S illustrated edition of May 7th is before us, but how can we give it its just deserts. It contains no less than thirty-four columns of historical, descriptive and statistical information regarding the northern portions of Dakota and the Black Hills. It is a most valuable immigration sheet, the most complete ever published in Northern Dakota. Any one wishing information about anything pertaining to the northern half of the territory, can satisfy themselves by sending three 3-cent stamps for a copy of the "Illustrated Edition," to THE TRIBUNE, Bismarck, Dakota.

[N. P. Times.]

The *Times* is in receipt of the long looked for illustrated edition of the Bismarck TRIBUNE. To say that it was a success would be tame—it is more, as a literary, historical and practical document. Col. Lounsberry has displayed great tact and ability in its make-up. The agricultural possibilities, probabilities, and the present developments of western Dakota are neatly set forth and profusely illustrated. The mining operations of the Hills are more fully displayed than they have ever before been by any production of the press, and the story of the gold in the hills is more wonderful than the tales of the Arabian Knights, and the music of its jingle as sweet as the song of birds. This 40,000 edition will do more to develop western Dakota than the building of an extra ten miles of the Northern Pacific extension, and don't let them forget it.

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1873 1880

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Board by the day or week.

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22 MAIN STREET.

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FIRST-CLASS MEALS.

In connection with the house is a strictly first-class bar, pool room and music hall. The only Orchestrion in the city. The best place in town to spend an evening.

The bar is stocked with the best Wines, Liquors and Cigars. 2-tf.

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GREAT BARGAINS

In Boots and Shoes, for Boys, Youths and Men. Our Stock is complete and our prices lower than ever before. We can suit you as to quality of stock or style, and guarantee that our prices are lower than anywhere else in the city.

St. Paul Branch Clothing House

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Parties driving out from Bismarck will find this a pleasant resort.

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Best Bar-tender either side of Rocky Mountains.

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Call and see the crowd

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First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys. 26tf

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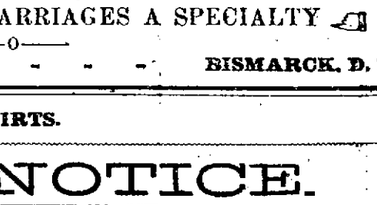
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Third St., next door to Mrs. Ives' Millinery.

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Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m.
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Calls left on the slate in the office will receive prompt attention
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HOTELS.

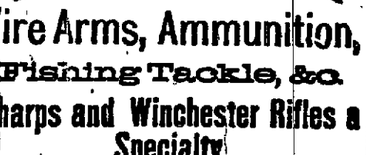
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E. H. BLY, - - Proprietor.
The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.
CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS,
BISMARCK, - - D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,
Cor. Main and 3d St.
BISMARCK, - - D. T.
L. N. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.
Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-27tf

CUSTER HOTEL,
THOS. McGOWAN, Proprietor.
Fifth Street near Main,
Bismarck, - - D.T.
This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 5-7

OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed STABLE,
Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.
Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.
89-3m

O. H. BEAL,
DEALER IN



Fire Arms, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, &c.
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Particular attention given to Repairing.
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JOHN C. OSWALD,
Wholesale Dealer in
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
17 WASHINGTON-AVE, MINN.

Plow Works.

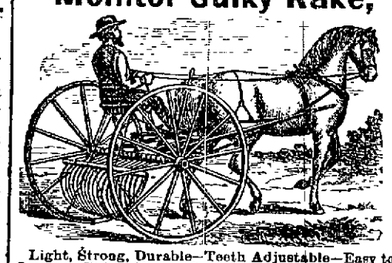
S. T. Ferguson, President. — W. B. Jackson, Jr., Sec'y and Treas.
ESTABLISHED, 1860.
Monitor Plow Works
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,
Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, Road Scrapers, &c. The FERGUSON SULKY PLOW. This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which none others have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam.

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ESTABLISHED 1860.



THE MONITOR PLOW
Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Shin—Solid Steel.

Monitor Sulky Rake,



Light, Strong, Durable—Tooth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Rakes Clean. Send for Descriptive List.

MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER.
THE LARGEST
TAILORING
ESTABLISHMENT
In The Northwest.
Importers and Jobbers of
Fine Woolens And Trimmings
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GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,
PIONEER
BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP
Corner Third and Thayer Streets,
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None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

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BUILDING MATERIAL
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Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

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STOMACH BITTERS
Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition and thoroughly safe.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

20 Chromo Cards (Perfect beauties) with name, 10c Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Ashland, Mass.

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SHORT LINE.
Composed of the
Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railways.
Making the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and all points in the South, Southwest and Southeast, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.
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Shortest and Most Direct Route
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Through Bills Lading given to all foreign points.
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LIFE'S SHADOWS.

Slowly the golden ball of molten ire was traveling toward the westward, hiding behind delicate sapphire clouds, and shadowing purplish tints upon a tall, queenly woman statuesquely draped in white, standing alone upon a stone colonnade; her eyes large and brown, swept the horizon with a hungry, eager gaze.

The fitful gusts of chilling summer wind blew the long, trailing vines, heavy with the passing shower, against her marble cheeks, dashing the many-colored drops over face, hair, and down upon her sheer-white dress, while the frown of care grew deeper upon the troubled face, for

Memory's busy tides are seething
O'er the landmarks of the past.

"Miss Hinton! you here?" ejaculated Capt. Thornton, in much astonishment.

Slowly the chestnut-crowned head bowed until the face was buried in the dark-green ivies.

"'Tis I, Capt. Thornton. Did Ella wish me?"

"Only in search myself; but you are chilly—I will get a wrap," quite reluctantly entering the hall.

"You are very kind."

"The scarlet shawl throws a glow over your face, Miss Hinton. Why did you prefer solitude on your last night with us?"

"I have been watching the last rays of sun glint those rugged, gray cliffs, and trying to shape my future destiny, by the time they were hidden from sight. Ah! see, they are gone, and 'it may be for years, and it may be forever' ere I see the sea-washed shore or rugged granite stones again." Her voice was low, and grew softer and tremulous as she ended the long dissertation.

"You imbibe too freely of sadness, Miss Mabel. Will you walk with me? I have a great deal to tell you. Why do you avoid me so assiduously of late?"

"'Silence is the eternal duty of man,' says Carlyle—why not of woman also?"

"Let rifts of moonlight through your ideas," interpolated Capt. Thornton, quickly, and abashed. "It would only mend the vase for a time, and I prize your friendship too highly to be more explicit. Everything seems gloomy to me to-night. Past, present and future are each bringing its sorrow to the surface—even the harrowing, dubious future. What think you? Nothing, Miss Mabel? You confide in no one?" as both wandered back and forth on the long colonnade in the moonlight.

"It has been said the most tragic things in life are its failures, and how bitter do mine chide me to-night. My heart grows cold with its rebuff, and no silvery clouds peep behind the darkness to me, Capt. Thornton."

"You have landed your hope bark on the rock of despair, methinks, Miss Hinton; and why do you torture me, knowing my strong arms are ever ready and willing to guide you safe to the peace harbor?"

Only a tighter pressure upon his arm, and a tremor, which involuntarily made him press the hand resting there more closely.

"Capt. Thornton, please say no more."

"It is too trying. I must unburden my heart, as I have so oft done before; the intensity of my love for you is consuming the vitality of life. Day after day I have noted your bloodless, careworn face; and back my heart wandered to a country farm-house, with its broad stretch of grain-laden fields, and, the most pleasing, a rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed lassie of 16. That picture has haunted me for ten long years, amid the blue ocean storms and under India's sweltering sun, and now, as before, to tell my love for you, and to you, throws a mystical silence over you, and a shrinking away which you never will explain."

"Let me not see how cruelly I have annoyed you. Mine eyes are burning, and brain seems gone."

"Oh, Mabel! why are you so heartless?"

For a moment she leaned heavily upon his arm, then sobs of emotion shook the queenly form; as he clasped her to his breast her arm encircled his neck, and she gave way to her feelings. Frank Thornton rained kisses upon the blushing face.

"I love you, Mabel."

"Love, Frank, I adore you, but oh, what have I done? There is an interminable barrier, oh—my—love—" She could say no more, for breath came thick and heavy, and with a convulsive gasp she exclaimed wildly: "Yes, yes, Frank, I must give even you up."

"Never, never," he cried.

"Yes, forever; there is a fearful secret which shadows my life—yet I can and will love you always." She slipped from his arms and sped like a startled fawn up the long stairway.

Capt. Thornton watched the ghostly figure, and with a deep-drawn sigh slowly resumed his pace.

"Aye, forever," was a true version to his sighs, until from sheer exhaustion he leisurely strolled in the parlors.

"I heard you and Miss Mabel in low converse, Thornton, and were you so uninteresting she banished you?" asked Guy Marchfield, jestingly.

"I was not so cruelly treated, Guy, but you and Miss Ella would not entertain anyone but selves; and Miss Mabel had to prepare for her flight."

"How heartless," replied one.

"Regret it so much!" chimed in another guest.

"Not more than I, for Cousin Mabel is truly fascinating, so deep too, that I always don my thinking cap to keep in her train," said Ella Hinton, thoughtfully.

"Let me go for her, Ella?"

"No, no, Susie; she is busy, or would not have excused herself," was the determined reply. So gayly for a time was the merriment continued, until, tired of nonsense, the weary party exchanged good-night, and retired. All? no; Capt. Thornton packed hastily his valise—left a note of thanks, with regrets that business forced his departure, for Mrs. Hinton—and was on the road in the midnight train, flying fast from his recent object of love, and the happy summer passed, but not forgotten.

Poor Mabel! reaction was too great, and she sobbed out the miserable hours; truly her glow of joy was hidden under the rust of sorrow. Like a tangled skein of floss, as rapidly one knot was unloosed another still more tangled assumed its stead. She was a woman of great depth, and from poverty to luxury she reviewed her life. She was bereaved deeply while only 18, and left an orphan, with poverty staring her in the face. A wealthy uncle made her his heiress, where every wish and desire could be gratified, at 20; so for six long years she had been a society woman. From youth to mature womanhood she had loved Frank Thornton. Occasionally her hungry heart would be appeased by a glimpse of him, which only made the aches more intense, and, leaving her aunt and cousins with Capt. Thornton, as she supposed, was very hard, yet an inevitable step.

It was scarcely day dawn when she bade them adieu, with a wistful look at the dear old piazza, which only had heard the confession made the night before between the two, and back she was quickly borne to her home of wealth, to a giddy whirl of gayety. Not a word, through the fall and early winter, had she heard from her soul's adoration. Not hearing made thinking of him more frequent, and she grew morose and tired out of life.

It was a clear, cold morning, and Miss Hinton was seated by a glowing grate, sipping chocolate and scanning the morning paper—the servants heard a crash and fall, and rushed in to find Miss Hinton in a faint, and her chaperone trying to resuscitate the apparently dead form. After a few seconds she opened her eyes.

"Please assist me to my room—Capt. Thornton is married," she murmured, and held eagerly the newspaper.

"A card, Miss Mabel."

"Not at home to anyone."

"I told the lady you were ill; but she is here now," as Susie Mays opened the door.

"How sorry I am you are ill, Mabel."

"Only the effects of over-dissipation, Susie. How are all at Gray Cliff?"

"Well; but I was so in hopes you would be my guide for to-day, as we will only have time to spend one day here. Did you see my marriage notice?"

"Yes; I should have congratulated you before, child, but was feeling so badly had forgotten you were married."

"For shame! I wanted to tell you all last summer, but left it for Capt. Thornton's secret."

"I am surprised; you are given to secretiveness."

"No; the first of any importance I ever kept."

"You will be deprived of my reception, Susie, which I should gladly have given, on account of my illness."

"We cannot remain over. Thanks, Mabel, for your kindness."

"Why did not your husband call with you?"

"His plea of business—came for goods—and his time so completely occupied—left me at the door to find my way back from here."

"Don't go!" as Susie arose.

"I am sorry, but cannot remain longer; good-by! Will see you next summer, Mabel, at your aunt's."

"Yes, I hope so: take good care of your new-found treasure," and, shading her face with her hands, was in such a brown study that the maid shook her to hand a telegram. Her fingers trembled, and face grew ashy pale as she noted the contents, and her silent prayer was registered in heaven.

"How can I endure more? Truly I have a heavy cross to bear." Turning to the waiting servant, "there is no reply, but pack a small trunk with plain garments and a black dress as hurriedly as you can."

"Yes, Miss Mabel."

Mabel Hinton was very calm and self-possessed, ate a hearty dinner, gave directions for a week's absence, and was at the depot waiting by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A crushed heart, broken in twain, years of loneliness, with no glad hope to crown the years with love and happiness. He was *married*, and last summer told her a prevarication. All grew more defined and sad as she, seated alone, reviewed their love for each other. When she left the cars a close carriage was in waiting, and a lonely, desolate ride through thick forests in the early morning to a large, rambling brick building, ivy-grown, was the end of her journey. The gates were locked, and the shrill shrieks of the mad inmates made each hair almost rise on end, and Mabel Hinton shrank from the awful ordeal that was before her—"Too late, miss, he's dead!"

"Dead—dead, did you say?"

"Yes, and when I sent for you he was conscious and sane, and made me write a letter for you; it was a terrible death-bed scene."

"Where is he, poor, poor soul?"

"Buried, mam. Yes—know it is the law, unless the friends request the body. We put it away among us. You left more than enough money to do all we did for him," handing Mabel the letter.

"Conduct me to his grave."

"I will, but must tell the carriage to wait, because you look too weak to spend a night here."

"A new-made grave, where the soughings of the wind through the trees chanted a solemn requiem, held the secret barrier that had robbed Mabel Thornton of a happy life. And the tearless eyes and feverish face gaze wildly; and, turning her eyes heavenward, thanks God that he was where he would suffer no more. A husband only in name, yet a husband." She placed the letter in her pocket, and, thanking the janitress, left the lonely spot almost a fit subject to dwell there within those narrow brick walls. Her drive back over the lonely road was a joyless one, but she instinctively entered the cars—then all was a blank.

* * * * *

The fluttering lace curtains awoke the beautiful woman, and, attempting to rise, fell back with a cry of pain.

"Darling, rest quiet; you are with me."

"Auntie, I am well, but oh so weak—what is the matter?"

"You have been almost at death's door, Mabel, but are all right. You must not talk."

"I know he is dead, for I saw his grave. Auntie, I must die, too."

"Not while I love you so," said a deep, rich voice; and Capt. Thornton bent and kissed her face.

"You here! Are you and Susie living here?"

"My Cousin Harold and Susie were married last winter, and I, darling, was only biding my time."

"It has come, Frank, for I am free to love you now."

He bent again. Her face was covered with kisses. "I was going to see you at Susie's request, when I was carried by my stopping-place from carelessness; and, as you entered the car door you fell almost in my arms. I took this letter which your aunt and I perused together, and have found out a great deal since from the matron of the asylum, for I have been to see her; and, from your raving while ill, know all."

"You must not talk so much, Mabel," said her aunt.

"Did you find out my poor father thought he had wronged the boy? He, by his falsehoods, made my father force me to marry him; led him into a lawsuit; told him he would dishonor his name; and I secretly obeyed his dying request; married the boy, who shortly after went crazy from his wrong deeds to a poor, honest man like my father. I worked for him while I was so poor, and kept him in the best asylum I could; and, when I was made rich, gave him all the comforts in my power. And now I am doubly blessed. You, Frank, still love me, and God has tortured me seven times seventy, and purified and refined me for a noble husband!" And with hands clasped, life's shadows flitted away to rest on some other not so fortunate.

"Your life has been a perfect sacrifice to him."

"I never loved him, but did what I thought my duty."

"And Heaven will bless you, Mabel, for it," said her aunt, with tears coming rapidly down her cheeks.

"After my father's death, I found out my husband, had acted with deception, but it was soo late, auntie, for our marriage had been celebrated."

"To save my husband's brother from dishonor you have spent the best years of your life in sorrow."

"While her latter years will be my sacred interest, and a double portion of love from me will be given my wife—nee Miss Hinton," said Capt. Thornton, with glad smiles chasing each other over his face.

"Now, Frank, my inevitable barrier is removed, and my secret you complained of told!"—she caught her breath strangely, like a sob and forced laugh.

"And proud I am, Mabel, of a wife who has an over-abundance of pride for family, and *honor*."

"For years, Frank, I have murmured against my implacable fate, but how wisely all was ordained; for silent love through years only makes me revere more than it can be verified."

The warm spring brought many stirring events. First, Ella Hinton and Guy Marchfield were united in the holy bonds of matrimony; then Frank Thornton and poor Mabel, who dreams life away in sunshine, joy and gladness.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Warts.

As much as warts and corns may be thought to resemble each other, they are quite different in origin, character and means of cure. A corn is simply a thickening and hardening of the scarf-skin, or epidermis. It is always caused by pressure, and is removed only by the removal of the pressure. And we may here state that, so absolutely are they thus removed, a protracted period of sickness will gradually lift them wholly out of the flesh.

A wart, on the contrary, belongs to the skin, proper—the *vera cutis*—and consists of an abnormal growth of one or more papillæ, in which the nerves or blood vessels terminate. For this reason, while the substance of a corn is as insensible as that of the finger-nail, the substance of a wart is peculiarly sensitive beneath the scarf-skin which covers the head of the papillæ, and which these carry with them as they push upward.

In most cases, as the equalized action of the parts is restored they go off of themselves. They can be specially removed, however, by touching them repeatedly with nitrate of silver, or by applying nitric acid to their extremities. Care should be taken not to touch the adjacent skin.

Many superstitious notions prevail respecting the cure of warts, among the people. They have been handed down from the remotest times, when superstition had more to do with medical methods generally than true science.

In the aged, when the cuticle is hard, the epithetical cells, instead of developing upward, develop downward into the tissues, and give rise to painful tumors, which the physician alone can eradicate.

Sometimes "moles" tend to enlarge and become painful. A little nitric acid applied to them a few times will arrest the tendency.—*Youth's Companion.*

Same Thing with the Ancients.

There was an expression of unusual pleasantry on the face of the wrathful Achilles that morning, and the crafty Ulysses accosted him with more than his wonted heartiness on that account.

"You're out early this morning," remarked the wily one.

"Yes," said the sulky one, "but then I was out late last night. You see, I had a pretty good thing on my mind, this morning, and I was afraid if I slept too long, I might forget it. I was out last night, went down to see Briseis, in fact, and sat up pretty late. Fact is, I'm clear gone there. No use talking, she just breaks me all up. Well, when I came away somebody had sat on my hat, new Broadway style, and we had a time straightening it out. I says, says I—never thought of it before, either, just popped into my head at that minute, 'Briseis, dear,' I says, and I clapped it on her head, 'both mashed; both mashed on Briseis,' see?"

"Mashed?" repeated Ulysses, in some wonder. "Mashed? I don't see. You weren't mashed. You great giant, why all the cavalry in Diomedes' camp might run over you and not—"

But Achilles, with a look of wrathful disgust settling down over his face, strode away to his tent. "Patroclus!" he cried, and when the young man appeared he said to him:

"Take a conch shell and two bass drums and go down behind Ulysses' tent and practice overtures all day. And, if he says anything about it, send him to me."

And he told his armor-bearer that there wasn't enough intellectual culture in all Greece to-day, to go around a Phœnician primary school in the holidays.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

KEEP the stables clean. Clear out the manure every morning, and scrape or card off all filth from the animals. The stable should be made so warm that the manure will not freeze at night. A lower temperature will either demand a larger amount of food or the animal will fall off in condition.

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FACTS AND FANCIES

It is said the Vassar College girl who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler is convalescent.

It seems to be a universal practice that when Bridget comes in to sweep, the whole family will get up and dust.

A boy recently hanged himself because "somebody found fault with him." That boy was certainly not born to be an editor.

A man has invented a chair which can be adjusted to 8,000 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when having his hair cut.

"Will you have some cream and glucose in your coffee?" is the question now propounded from the maternal end of the breakfast table. "Yes," answers pater-familias, "and pass the oleomargarine."

So many societies for the promotion of things are established that Johnny wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in school without making them study so.

Blanc Mange.—Boil one and one-half ounces of isinglass, three ounces of sweet and six bitter almonds, well pounded, in a quart of milk; let it boil until the isinglass is dissolved; then strain it through a napkin; stir it until nearly cold, and put it into the mold.

To keep away mosquitoes: Dip a piece of sponge or flannel in camphorated spirits, and make it fast to the top of the bedstead. A decoction of pennyroyal, or some of the bruised leaves, rubbed on the exposed parts, will effectually keep off these troublesome insects.

They were sitting together Sunday evening, with an album or two between them, when she pleasantly asked: "How would you like to have my mother live with you?" In just fifteen seconds he had his hat half-way down over his face and was bolting through the gate.

After family prayer, a few evenings since, says an exchange, a little boy asked: "Mamma, how can God hear folks pray when He's so far away?" Before the lady could frame a suitable reply, a sunny-faced little miss of five summers vehemently said: "I'll jes' bet He's got telephones a-runnin' to every place."

In the manufacture of tobacco, molasses, licorice, paste, a decoction of figs, and glycerine are used to impart a sweet taste. Common salt and other salts are used for flavoring, and nitrate of potash or soda is added to increase its combustibility. Anise and other aromatics are added for their flavor, and smoking tobacco has its odor, if not its taste, improved by the introduction of cascarilla bark. Cabbage, and other leaves are often used to adulterate chewing tobacco.

A little boy, 4 years old, having often been told it was wrong to ask for anything at the table, was down at dessert. After patiently waiting for some time without being noticed, he exclaimed: "Mamma, please may I have an orange if I don't ask for it?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. But, after a considerable interval, the little fellow, not getting his orange, again addressed his mother with: "Please, mamma, I'm not asking for an orange." This time he was duly rewarded.

In cold weather, horses which have been driven rapidly, or have become heated from exertion, throw off great quantities of steam or vapor. The reason of this is that the heat thrown off from the body on coming in contact with the colder air is condensed in the form of vapor. The principle is the same as that which causes the windows of a close room to become covered with ice on a cold day in winter. The warm air of the room becomes condensed on the cold glass, and it is congealed in the form of ice.

Previous to the time of Queen Elizabeth stairs were all constructed on a circular plan, and were called turret or corkscrew stairs. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries staircases with wide, straight flights were first introduced, and were made the leading features in mansions of the Elizabethan style. They had usually massive oak balusters with carved panels and pendants. Staircases of this description are still in common use, but are lighter in style, light cast-iron being used instead of oak balustrades.

The geographical center of the United States is at 95 deg. 47½ min. west longitude, which is about the vicinity of Omaha. The center of population, considering the United States a plane surface, itself without weight, but capable of sustaining weight, and leveled with its inhabitants, in number and position such as they are found, and each individual being assumed to be of equal weight, and consequently to exert pressure on the pivotal point, directly proportioned to his distance therefrom, both north and south and east and west, is at a point forty-eight miles east and a trifle north of Cincinnati.

A Maryland schoolmaster told a refractory girl that unless she wrote a composition he would punish her. She appeared with two big brothers. The pedagogue laid a revolver on the desk and called for the screed. It took her about ten minutes to indite the sentiment: "There air various kinds of big brothers. Sum would stand up for a sister under any circumstances, but there are some lily-livered, slab-sided mungrels, who air a cross between a Gibraltar jackass and a Maltese Jew, who would sit around like a rat-hole, while a red-headed, cross-eyed slab of unrespectful poverty wanders around with a borrowed pop, and makes their poor sister paw around fur the materials fur a composition."

Tree Planting.—Whoever sets out an orchard of course does it with the expectation of a return in fruit. No one plants corn or potatoes without first considering if the land will give him a crop; if the soil is not in the proper condition he knows that he must make it so, or lose his seed and his labor. Much less than corn and potatoes can fruit trees make a crop on nothing. The trees will struggle along, do the best they can, but such orchards do not pay, and "run out" early. Unless the land is sufficiently fertile for an ordinary farm crop, it should be made so; no soil too wet for such crops will answer for fruit trees, which, to succeed, need well-drained land. The plowing should be as deep as the character of the soil will allow, and the sub-soil plow may generally follow the other with benefit.

THE LONG AGO.

You ask me why this heart of mine
Is sad while others are gay.
Sad memories around it twine,
And my thoughts are far away.

You wonder why the tear-drops start
And trickle down my cheek,
That earthly pleasure forms no part
For me that others seek.

Ah! know ye not that woman's love,
Pure and holy, never dies?
It emanated from heaven above,
And lives when fond hope dies.

Though years have fled since last we met,
And parted never more to meet,
Yet think you I can e'er forget
Him that made happiness complete

In visions oft again I see
The form of him I loved so well;
I wake to keener misery,
And deeper shadows round me dwell.

I hear a voice that I used to hear,
In accents tender, soft and low;
My lips are white, fast fall the tears,
As I linger over the long ago.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Colored Juryman.

Gen. Thomas Harrison, who was commander of a Texas regiment during the war, and known by the boys as the "Jim Town Major," was soon after the war elected Judge of one of the districts of Texas. Shortly after his election he visited one of the counties in his district for the purpose of holding his court. He arrived at the county town on Sunday evening, and sent for the Sheriff and asked him if a jury had been summoned for the court, and if any upon the jury were colored.

The Sheriff replied he had summoned a jury, but there were no colored men on the jury, and but few in the county. Judge Harrison told him, under the recent order of the Department Commander, no legal jury could be impaneled unless one or more negroes were on it, and ordered him to have some negroes in attendance on the following morning, to be placed upon the jury. The Sheriff, after some trouble, succeeded in finding three or four negroes, and upon organizing the court Judge Harrison placed one on each jury.

About the first case called was one against a party for murder. After hearing the evidence, arguments of counsel, and charge of the court, the jury started down-stairs to consider their verdict, the colored juror happening to be in the rear. Following them was the attorney for the defendant. At the head of the stairs (and in hearing of the colored juror) the attorney was asked by a friend how he thought the case would be decided. The reply was, "I think the defendant will be acquitted or the jury will be hung."

The jury went down the steps and out in the yard, and upon looking around the colored member was missing. Upon investigation, they saw him making 2:40 time in the direction of the brush. The Sheriff was called; and, after a vigorous pursuit, Mr. Juror was captured and brought before the court and asked why he had run away. His reply was, "He had heard a gentleman say if the man wasn't cleared the jury would be hung, and as he hadn't done nothing he didn't want to take any chances."

"I Never Take Medicine."

During the short administration of President Taylor, a young man visited Washington to sell cholera medicine. Thinking it would aid him in his business, he called at the White House while a public reception was being held, to present the President with a bottle of the medicine.

He had rehearsed a little speech with which to preface the presentation. But when he found himself face to face for the first time with a live President his nerves were too much disturbed for him to speak it. He, therefore, mumbled a few words, more amusing than elegant, about the medicine being "a dead shot," and pulled out the bottle, only to hear the President say, in a tone loud enough to be heard through the room:

"I thank you; but I never take medicine, cholera or no cholera."

The young man almost fainted from mortification. But in less than ten days Gen Taylor died of cholera, caused by his own indiscretion in eating.

On a very warm Fourth of July the corner-stone of the Washington monument was laid. President Taylor participated in the ceremony, and drank freely of ice-water.

On his return to the White House he complained of feeling hungry, and ate freely of cherries, washing them down with iced milk.

At dinner, against the remonstrance of a physician, who was present, he again partook heartily of cherries. In an hour's time he was attacked by cholera-morbus and died within four days.

How the Sunday Stone Was Made.

In an Oxford museum may be seen a strange stone. It is composed of carbonate of lime, and was taken from a pipe which carries off drain water in a colliery. The stone consists of alternate layers of black and white, so that it has a striped appearance. This was caused in the following way: When the miners were at work, the water which ran through the pipe contained a good deal of coal-dust, and so left a black deposit in the pipe. But, when no work was going on—as, for instance, in the night—the water was clean, and so a white layer was formed. In time these deposits quite filled the pipes, and it was therefore taken up. Then it was found that the black and white layers formed quite a calendar. Small streaks, alternately black and white, showed a week, and then came a white streak of twice the usual size. This was Sabbath, during which there was no work for twenty-four hours. But in the middle of one week there came a white streak of twice the usual size. On inquiry it was found that on that day a large fair had been held in the neighborhood, and no work had been done at the colliery. Every change in the ordinary course of work had left its mark on this strange stone, to which has been given the title of "the Sunday stone."

European Expenditure.

The total increase of expenditure caused by war, or the apprehension of war, has, if we take the average interest at 4 per cent., been £131,000,000 a year, or considerably more than the whole taxation of either of the richest countries in Europe—France and Great Britain. The amount at 4 per cent. represents a capital of £3,200,000,000, which, so long as the expenditure continues, and much of it is perpetual, is loss to the industrial work of Europe, and consequently to the progress of civilization, and to the material well-being of the people.—*The Economist.*

How to Cure a Toothache.

Some months ago an English tourist, lingering in a country churchyard, was present at a funeral, and observed among the group of mourners a young man who particularly attracted attention by his swollen face and the utter dejection of his appearance. "Here at least is one true mourner," thought the Englishman. While this thought was passing through his mind, the supposed mourner took up a skull which lay on the top of a heap of dry mold and crumbled bones. He raised it to his lips, and, with his own teeth, extracted a tooth from it. Horror filled the stranger as he watched this proceeding, and saw him throw the skull carelessly away, while he wrapped the tooth in paper and put it in his pocket. "Can you tell me why he did that?" asked our tourist of an old man who had stood beside him during the funeral ceremony. "Ah, surely, your Honor, the poor boy was very bad wi' the toothache, an' it's allowed to be a cure if you draw a tooth frae a skull wi' your ain teeth. He'll sew the tooth in his clothes an' wear it as long as he lives." "You don't tell me so! Do you think the remedy will be effectual?" "It's like enough, sir," replied the old man, showing where a tooth was sewed in the lining of his own waistcoat. "It's five years since I pulled that ane the same way, an' I never had a touch o' the toothache since."—*All the Year Round.*

Habit.

There was once a horse that was used to pull around a sweep, which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him.

But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing a while, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it.

But it was the force of habit. And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

Household Recipes.

To remove stains from books—Translate them into better language.

To remove spots of grease, oil or fat from woolens—Saturate the cloth with kerosene or naphtha, and press it with a hot iron on the wrong side. Then treat it with a lighted match. This is the only sure way to remove grease from woolens.

To make your chimney draw—Send it to a Boston school, where it can have the advantage of regulation instruction.

To cleanse brass—Turn the hydrant on the sewing machine and book agent that knocketh at your door.

To preserve woolens from moths—Give them to the poor.

To keep bread from molding—Give it to the poor woman who keeps boarders and hens.

To prevent cake getting dry—Give the small boy access to the pantry.

Blowing Out a Kerosene Lamp.

A very common method of extinguishing a kerosene lamp is to turn down the wick until only a minute flame is visible, and then blow down the chimney. This is a most dangerous practice, being very frequently the cause of explosions. People who use kerosene lamps should make it an absolute rule never to attempt to extinguish a lighted lamp that way, however small the flame. Scientific reasons might be given for such advice, but the best reason that can possibly be given is the fact that explosions frequently result from a neglect of it. It is as easy to blow into the lower end of the chimney as the top, the only difference being that in the former case the person blowing is required to stoop a little, while in the latter the inflection of the body is not required.

Gold and Silver Product Annually.

The quantity of silver produced annually in the world amounts to not less than 6,000,000 pounds troy, and that of gold may be estimated at more than 600,000 pounds troy; the value of the silver being above £16,000,000, and that of gold not less than £28,000,000. The labor expended in mining for the silver ore in the deep recesses of the mountains, and that which is devoted to the washing of alluvial deposits—the relics of the cataclysms of former ages—and to the tedious exploration of quartz reefs, represents a vast expenditure of vital effort. Even then we have still to draw upon the trained skill of the metallurgist before either gold or silver becomes fitted for use or ornament.—*The Athenæum.*

A City Built of Shells.

Perhaps you do not know that the city of Paris is built mostly of shells, the cast-off houses of uncounted millions of little sea creatures. Each shell is not so big as a millet seed, and the little creatures lived in them ages ago. There were so many of them in the sea that they settled into real mountains, became cemented together, and now the mountains of shells form the quarries where most of the Paris building stone is procured. The shells are shaped like that of a snail, and are so plentiful in the Paris stone that one inch (cubic inch) is said to contain 58,000 of them. Beside this, they are found all over the world, not only in stone, but in the sands on the shore.

Tobacco.

Anti-tobacconists will find comfort and arguments in the fact that Parisian physicians are, with hardly an exception, leagued against the weed, which they claim rapidly uses up the vital forces, and in the further fact that most of the long-lived, tough old Frenchmen never smoked. Thiers, Guizot, Cremieux, Raspall and Compte Benoit-d'Azy, who recently died full of years, with unimpaired mental faculties, were all non-smokers, and so are Dafaure and Bartholemy St. Hillaire, Victor Hugo and Etienne Arago.

AFTER.

After the shower the tranquil sun
After the snow the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done,
After the harvest golden sheaves.

After the clouds the violet sky;
After the tempest the lull of waves.
Quiet woods when the wind goes by,
After the battle the peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight the downy nest;
After the furrow the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

COURTSHIP BY PROXY.

"Indeed," said the deacon's wife. "I knew by that she hadn't heard a word I was saying."

"Why, yes," I repeated, a good deal discouraged, for I saw that I must begin again at the very beginning. "She is more than a hundred years old, and enterely destitute. Yet she did not complain of anything but the cold. She was formerly a slave in Kentucky, but somehow strayed away up here, and now has outlived everybody that ever belonged to her. If I could manage to get her into the Colored Women's Home for the rest of her life I should be glad. But as she is not a resident of the city, it will be necessary to pay her board. A dollar a week, Mrs. Hoyt thinks it is."

"Certainly, that would be the very best thing that could be done," replied Mrs. Deacon, waking up a little. "Still, I do not know what we can do until we have called a meeting of the society."

That was much like her! If the vestry had been on fire she would have just stopped to call a meeting of the society before she would have ventured to throw on a dipper of water.

"But the poor creature is freezing and starving," said I, impatiently. "Cannot you, as president of the society, empower me to give her at least one of those woolen sacks we have on hand?"

"I don't know but I might go as far as that, though I suppose it isn't exactly in order," returned the deacon's wife, leaning back in her chair, and smoothing the table cover between her thumb and finger.

She seemed to be meditating, so I waited for a minute, and then she said, abruptly;

"What do you think of Mr. Brodhead, Bella?"

"There! I shouldn't wonder if he would give us something handsome!" I exclaimed, going down on my knees in my heart to the deacon's wife for my injustice. "He is a man of means and a very generous man, so I've always heard."

The deacon's wife looked puzzled.

"Oh! your old colored woman!" said she directly. I wasn't thinking about her; I was thinking of you. Mr. Brodhead has a very high opinion of you, Bella. Did you know it?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Shackleford?" said I, as surprised as though the man in the moon had winked at me, for my friends all knew how I detested such talk. And besides I never considered Mrs. Shakelford that sort of a woman. Her attention was usually centered in the sewing-society and in her flower-garden.

But for once some other idea had taken possession of her mind, and as her thoughts always ran in grooves she never could harbor more than one at a time.

"Mr. Brodhead is a nice man, and a fine looking man," she said, looking at me sharply. "A man of means, and a generous man as you say."

"I suppose so," I replied, gathering my shawl about me.

"Oh! don't you go yet Bella, I was wanting to see you, and I consider your dropping in quite providential. The deacon and I were talking of calling on you this very evening," said the deacon's wife, putting out her hand to keep me from rising; "and when I saw your blue shawl turning in at the gate, I said to myself that's as marked a token as Rebekah at the well, with the pitcher on her shoulder. I haven't the gold earrings and bracelets to offer you, but I have all the rest," she added, laughing nervously.

Just now the deacon came in. Now there is in the opinion of his wife but one reason why Deacon Shackleford didn't make the world. He found it already made. And when he came in she looked up to him as though Atlas had come, and she could safely drop the world on his shoulders, and go off picking golden apples.

"I was just speaking a good word for Mr. Brodhead to Bella, deacon," said she. "Ah! and what does Bella say?" returned the deacon, looking as though it were a question of investing in real estate, or the price of gold.

"Bella dosn't say anything" I replied. "Certainly not before she is asked."

"You need not wait long if that is all," answered Deacon Shackelford. "I'll ask you now. Have you any objections to an offer of marriage from Mr. Brodhead? There!"

"He is a very bashful man, Mr. Brodhead is, Bella, and so he got us to help him a little. Why he is in love with you down to his boots."

"Let it run out of his toes, then," said I, beginning to feel like new yeast.

"But you can't have anything against the man," persisted Mrs. Deacon. "And think! after awhile you won't have your grandfather and your Aunt Susannah to talk to, and you will miss it if you don't have somebody in their place! It is best to think of these things. And you won't find a kinder man, if you search the world over with a wax candle, than Mr. Brodhead."

"Mr. Brodhead is well enough, Mrs. Shackelford. I don't deny that; but the idea of making a proposal of this sort through 'middle men!' It is too absurd!" I said laughing, and put on my hat.

So I went home to my classes in embroidery and drawing and wax work—to make Aunt Susannah's caps and grandfather's coffee. My life was full of monotonous work in those days; and sometimes I had a strange, uncomfortable impression of a machine wound up and running without any act of its own.

One evening, when I was putting away the silver after supper, and feeling the creak and crank of the wheels more than ever, as though the machine needed oiling, the front gate slammed, and steps came along up the walk.

"I knowed some one was a comin'. I knowed all day some one was a-talkin' of coming," said Gitty Pullen, who, "to accommodate," as she often told us, had kindly consented to rule over our kitchen and us with a rod of pine—in the form of a crutch.

As Gitty had no home, no money, and only one foot of her own, but as good as four ears and two tongues, it might seem sometimes, that the accommodation was two-sided. However, things are not what they seem.

"I knowed it was Mr. Corliss!" pursued Gitty, triumphantly, as grandfather opened the door and disclosed the figures of our minister and his wife. "I can tell his step as far off as I can hear it. Did you ever notice his eyes?" she continued. "They look like two holes burned in a blanket. And he holds his head just like Deacon Shackleford's old white horse."

And then she disappeared into the kitchen with her crutch and the cat, while Aunt Susannah put in her teeth, put on her black silk apron, and went with her meeting step into the parlor. When I followed her soon after, I found her talking in as steady a flow as the waters came down at Lodore, to Mrs. Corliss, who sat by the woodbine window, with her hands folded in black-netted mitts across her lap, and her tea-colored curls, shaking their heads, as it were, at the world and its vanities; while grandfather, who had been senior deacon for fifty years; and who had no idea even the church edifice could stand without him, was already in deep discussion with Mr. Corliss upon the question then absorbing and disturbing us, as to whether our Sabbath schools should hereafter be called a Sunday school.

"I can never consent to have a religious organization known by a heathen name," grandfather was saying, as I heard him say half a hundred times before.

And Mr. Corliss, with his serene white head bent toward him, was thinking how he could braid in one the fossilized fathers and the versatile sons of the church.

So there was nothing for me to do but to sit down and smile and listen; for grandfather and Aunt Susannah were not the persons to yield the floor when it was once theirs by priority.

"Mr. Corliss, it is not for us?" said Mrs. Corliss, at early star-rising with her measured dignity.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Corliss, rising at once, with his head still bent to catch grandfather's last sentence.

"Bella, put on your hat and walk out with us a little way. It is a charming evening," said Mrs. Corliss, turning to me after taking a ceremonious leave of Aunt Susannah.

Of course I went for my hat. I should as soon think of breathing into an exhausted receiver, as of refusing to follow a suggestion of Mrs. Corliss. Or so I supposed them. But I trembled in my heart, and began to run over in my mind all my little over dones and under-dones. She had such a Lady Superior way with her; though I really loved our minister's wife, I always felt a sense of guilt, and never at home with her.

But it seemed that it was not that I had been late at church or absent from church this time. Neither had I a bow too many or too few on my Sunday bonnet. Worse, though, Mr. Brodhead had been to her.

"My dear," she began, as sweet and as cold and stiff as a dish of frozen custard, "I want to have a serious talk with you on a serious subject, and perhaps I may as well say at once that Mr. Brodhead has solicited the good offices of Mr. Corliss and myself between you and himself. He seems to be a very earnest admirer, but a very diffident one. What should you say to the idea of entertaining a proposal of marriage from him?"

"I couldn't think of such a thing for a moment, Mrs. Corliss. I have no expectation or wish ever to marry any one," said I, feeling very much annoyed.

Mrs. Corliss signed heavily. "Marriage is a divinely appointed institution," said she, "and not to be lightly set aside without due consideration and prayer. You are not now prepared to give a final answer to so important a matter. It comes upon you suddenly. Take time, my dear friend, to think it over, carefully, prayerfully, and with a view to what is your duty."

Mrs. Corliss shut her lips tight, as though to keep her teeth in, and then kissed me goodnight—a soft, clammy kiss, which made me feel as though I wanted a lump of sugar. Accordingly, I went in the house and ate one, and thought no more about Mr. Brodhead for a month and a day.

At the end of that time Aunt Kent asked me to go down and do up her caps. Aunt Kent was a dear, good old lady, who lived in a little yellow and white cottage at the end of the graveyard, where her husband and seven children were lying in one pathetic row, under the beds of heart's-ease and forget-me-nots. But when they went she adopted all the world into her, warm motherly heart. So though she lived alone, with a little cream-colored grey-hound, she had a large family, and whoever was sick or sorry or needy, went to her, as well as whoever wished for sympathy in health and gladness.

Dear Aunt Kent! when I went in there she was knitting a checked sock for young Mrs. Cable's first baby, with such a look of peaceful repose on her face that one would be willing to go over the same weary path of suffering, if it should lead at last into such a land of peace.

"I don't know when I've felt sorrier," said she, when I was settled with my work by her side, "than I did for somebody who came to me last week in a love affair. He is a man of whose love any woman might be proud, but he is so full of humility and self-distrust that he does not even dare open the subject to the young woman herself. And I don't know but it will cost him his life. He says he is sure it would if she should refuse him and I guess he is sure about it."

In an instant Mr. Brodhead flashed into my mind, and my heart grew harder than the meeting-house steps.

"Why, Aunt Kent," I said, "it is too absurd! He has already been to the minister and to the minister's wife, and then to the deacon and to the deacon's wife, to ask them to intercede for him. I wouldn't have a man anyhow, after he had made such a goose of himself."

Aunt Kent opened her eyes in mild astonishment, and then I remembered she named somebody. Then I stopped suddenly and felt my cheeks begin to burn.

"Dear child," she said, tenderly, "when you have seen a few more of the ups and downs of life, you will think more of a good man's love than you will of these outside manners. Mr. Brodhead told me he had been in his strait to some of our mutual friends, but he supposed they had not spoken with you. And we must not judge him by the standard we would apply to some people. He is shrinking to timorousness, especially to ladies. And he says he is conscious that he always appears his worse before you. Poor man! I've seen him sit at church with his eyes fixed on the ribbon of your hat, as it fluttered a little in the wind, and looked so hungry and hopeless, my heart just ached for him."

This time my face flushed with anger as well as shame.

"I fell humiliated, Aunt Kent," said I. "I hope nobody else has seen him make such a silly spectacle of himself."

"Belle, my dear, you are wrong," interposed Aunt Kent, gently. "We must take people as they are, not as we would have made them. The man is cast in a delicate sensitive mould, and this is nearly or quiet a matter of life or death with him. I doubt if you are loved again by so worthy a man, and I am sure you will not be any more sincerely. I hope you will not be so misguided as to throw away such a treasure, only for a romntic notion."

I could not laugh at Aunt Kent's tender earnestness, but I shook my head and felt immovable from the bump of firmness down to my boot soles. And thus ended the third lesson.

Weeks after this, one day in the dawning of the year," when the bees hummed and the lilacs bloomed, I went out to dig blood-root where the road ran through a bit of woodland a little north of the village. Because it we didn't need it, somebody might, and Aunt Susana considered a few roots and herbs "so handy to have in the house." Presently I felt an unconscious, magnetic drawing to look up, and there stood Mr. Brodhead. To this day I can't tell how he came there It was as though he had been shot up like a field lily, right out of the ground, and he stood with his eyes dropped shyly as a girl's and his handsome lips trembling. I pitied him almost as Aunt Kent had done.

"It will kill me if I don't speak; and it will kill me if I do; and you don't listen," said he, throwing out his words in jerks, like water running from a straight-necked bottle, and looking suddenly at me with such pathetic feeling in his great brown eyes that I began to feel abashed. For what was I that he should be so stirred by me?

"You couldn't care any for me, I suppose?" said Mr. Brodhead, humbly.

"Perhaps I might, I don't know," I replied, almost involuntarily.

"Dear me!" a love story sounds so different when a man tells it himself.

"And so, presently, it was I who trembled and cast down my eyes and blushed; and it was Mr. Brodhead who looked as though he was master of the whole world, and the stars besides.

Aunt Susannah, waiting behind the woodbine window, thought I was gathering herbs to stock a pharmacy, for the sun had dropped behind the cedars on the top of Mount Margaret, when I went home with Mr. Brodhead by my side, my hands empty, but my heart full.

Yes, we are engaged, and are to be married in two weeks from Wednesday. And the moral of my story is this:

"If you want your business done, go; if not, send."

Manner and Manners.

The distinction between a womans manner and her manners is thus bought out by the *Christian at Work:*

It has been well said that a lady may possess very excellent manners, and yet have a very unfortunate manner, and the reverse.

To illustrate. There is a girl who has been carefully taught from her childhood how to enter and leave a room how to address and introduce people, how to behave at the table and in company, yet, notwithstanding continual lessons in deportment, she has a manner which is not winning.

She is proud, or vain, or cold, or disdainful, and this is shown by her manner even when her manners are agreeable.

We often go into a little store kept by a woman whom we desire to help by our custom. But nearly always her air of supercilious indifference, and her icy remoteness from the least interest in us or our purchases, sends us away half frozen.

On the other hand, we know certain saleswomen, in some of the great stores in New York, who are so sunny, so genial and so delightful in their way of serving us, that to buy from them is a perfect pleasure, and they often persuade us into taking what we really do not want, solely by the charm of their sweet, unaffected grace.

A Puzzle with Words.

Students at the Institute of Technology have designed a rival to the Gem puzzle, which is beginning to excite considerable interest about town. Given two words of an equal number of letters, the problem is to change one to the other by altering one letter at a time of the first so as to make a legitimate English word, continuing the alterations until the desired result is attained. The conditions are that only one letter shall be altered to form each new word, and that none but words which can be found in English dictionaries shall be used. Here are some examples of the changes:

East to West—East, vast, vest, West.

Boot to Shoe—Boot, soot, shot, Shoe.

Dog to Cat—Dog, dig, fig, fit, fat, Cat.

Milk to Hash—Milk, mile, male, mate, hate, hath, Hash.

Road to Rail—Road, rood, root, coot, coat, coal, coil, toil, tail, Rail.

Soup to Fish—Soup, soul, soil, foil, fowl, fool, foot, coot, cost, cast, fast, fist, Fish.

The game is becoming quite popular in railroad offices as well as in family circles and at firesides, and seems to furnish instruction with amusement.—*Boston Traveller.*

Mistress—"Bridget, didn't you hear me call?" Bridget—"Yis, mum; but ye towld me the other day niver to answer ye back—and I didn't."

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LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street.

Mandan is taking steps towards a town organization.

Mandan is now figuring on "how to obtain drainage."

Over fifty miles of new fencing is being built this season in Burleigh county.

Justus Bragg brought in a car load of sheep from Minnesota Wednesday night.

Raymond's Hall, to be fitted up by Joseph Hare will be ready for occupation July 1st

Deadwood coaches continue to be loaded Travel by the Bismarck route has never been better.

Miss Lizzie Peasley is very sick in Deadwood. She received a crowded benefit Friday night last

Capt. Dan Maratta has put the flag-pole over the Coulson line office, to trim for the nominee of the "unterrified"

For obvious reasons, provisions should not be placed in front of stores on the sidewalk. Even the dogs kick the meat.

The new approach to the river from the Mandan side is nearly finished. This will shorten the distance of the ferry one-half.

R. O. G Sunsterby, a notorious horse thief who was just released from the Iowa state prison, is in durance vile again at Bismarck.

John Rea has received his commission as Register of the U. S. Land Office at Bismarck, and will be on hand next week for business.

The lumbermen are still unable to supply the demand for building material at Bismarck, so many new buildings are under construction.

The postoffice extension adds thirty-two feet, making the room 32x60 feet. A complete new Yale outfit costing of itself $1,700 will be put in.

The houses on the extension will be well provided for, if one can judge from the immense amount of canned luxuries shipped from this point

Several thousand dollars changes hands on the result of the convention Grant's friends backed him up against everybody in the field at even bets

Mrs. Thomas Riley has rhubarb, or pie-plant, in her garden that a single stalk will make an ordinary pie, and it is not a Mammoth variety, either.

A depot building is being erected at Burton The *Herl* says the town is beautifully located and surrounded by a country of unquestionable richness

The officers of the Mandan cemetery association are P. H. Byrne, president; M B Doyle, vice president: P. L. Hancock, secretary; B L. Winston, treasurer.

Mr Preston is busy with the census of Bismarck, and will complete it in about a week. He is accompanied in his daily tours by his daughter, Miss Lulu, who proves a valuable assistant.

The amount of government business transacted over the wires of the Northwestern company for the month of May exceeded that of any other month since the establishment of the Bismarck office.

Wheat, oats, corn and potatoes never looked better in any country than that now growing in the vicinity of Bismarck. New potatoes will certainly be in market, grown in our home gardens, within ten days.

The census enumerator gathers in three hundred and thirty-five residents in Mandan and completes his labor. Two hundred and sixty-three of the aforesaid natives are entitled to the elective franchise.

A flat car jumped the track on the Bismarck approach to the transfer boat, Tuesday. Brakeman and car came near going into the river. Car jumped one way, brakeman the other, neither dipping water.

Ten families with their household effects arrived overland by "prairie schooner" this week and camped on Apple Creek They come to settle in Burleigh county, and are prospecting for quarter sections.

Joe Pennell dispatches to E. H. Bly his safe arrival with his crew at their camp on the Little Missouri, one hundred miles from Deadwood, fifteen miles from a telegraph station, on the Keogh and Deadwood line.

J. W. Raymond has just received five hundred cases of fresh Milwaukee beer. When opened, this beer foams out like cream that is new and rich, and even as oil that is warm doth it slide down the throat of man

The *Criterion* says C. M. Cushman has purchased the Power Bros. building, which will be fitted up for postoffice purposes at Mandan. THE TRIBUNE understands Mr Thompson will put in a complete Yale outfit

Capt. J. W. Raymond offers the free use of his new store building, together with lights, for a festival for the benefit of the Episcopal church construction fund. The offer must be accepted, however, previous to July 1st.

The famous Katie Putnam troupe is making its way toward Bismarck. Should they not reach here before the completion of the new hall, they will meet with a reception that will do them good. Kate's fame long since reached this locality.

Capt. Woolfolk has a large petrified pine knot, picked up on the Little Missouri in the Bad Lands. This country is strewn with petrifactions of animal and vegetable matter, it being at some remote period a favorite spot for the buffalo and other herbiverous animals.

The Northwestern telegraph office has, by the arrival of Mr. Finney, two "cracks" operators, and business has been worked off this week to everybody's satisfaction. The stringing of another wire between Bismarck and St. Paul will put a finishing touch to the completeness of the line.

Seth Bullock and Mr. Marshman, returning from the east, left for Deadwood Monday night. Their friends at Bismarck did not know of their coming, but on their arrival hustled around, got out the band and gave them the heartiest good cheer. A suitable lunch, bottled and otherwise, was provided and they went on their way rejoicing, realizing that not only they personally had friends at Bismarck who will stay with them, but they found a fraternal feeling for the Hills that pleased them. Both are representative men and deserve their popularity.

Samuel Taggert, of New Castle, Pa., has located at Bismarck, accepting a position as assistant cashier in the Bank of Bismarck. With his assistance in the bank and Robert Dunlap in the wholesale grocery department, Mr. Raymond is well fixed for taking care of his increasing business. Dunlap came about a month ago from Grand Forks and has already won golden opinions from those who have come in contact with him.

Tom Kurtz, of the supply store on the extension, is well prepared for the Indians should any come to molest him. His friends in Moorhead who have a kind eye for his welfare, sent him a brace of three long range revolvers and ammunition for three days' active service. The peculiar make of these fire-arms is such, however, that Kurtz fears to fire them.

Mr. O. C. Greene, superintendent of the Northwestern Telegraph company, says the new wire being strung to this point will "cut out" some nineteen offices and be of almost as much service to the Bismarck office as the line between St. Paul and Bismarck without any intervening stations.

Nearly 500 sacks of potatoes have been shipped from Bismarck during the past month to points in Montana. Orders for several tons of oats have been received which could not be filled. The market for all kinds of products will always be good in the vicinity of Bismarck.

About a mile from the railroad, seventy-five miles west on the extension, there is a conical shaped mound rising abruptly from the prairie, probably by volcanic action, in which there is a sixteen foot vein of coal exteading through the entire bluff.

Sheriff McKenzie returned from Standing Rock last night with five prisoners who stole the boat belonging to the steamer McLeod. They were captured by the soldiers at Standing Rock upon information sent from Bismarck.

A number of eastern capitalists have been looking the city over this week with a view of locating an extensive manufacturing establishment here. Probably a wagon and general farming implement establishment.

Mr. A. Robidou shows good judgment and taste as street commissioner. Main street evidences this its entire length. Mr. Robidou collects the poll tax and gives his personal attention to street improvements.

Mrs. James Cooper is doing a thriving business in the manufacture of gents' shirts at her residence on Third street, between Meigs and Thayer streets. Mrs. Cooper can not be excelled in her line.

Lawyer Goss and Wilson will occupy their new office in Raymond's block immediately. Flannery and Wetherby having moved across the hall in the rooms on the corner.

This morning's train waited an hour for the passengers of the Far West and carried east forty through passengers from Benton.

John Frisco accidently killed a man at Connor's woodyard yesterday. The name of the person killed could not be obtained.

Call on Sig. for the finest gents' furnishing goods in the city. The variety in styles and prices will astonish you.

Engine 57 jumped the track at the Spur on the extension last week and was brought in for repairs Saturday.

Mr. D. F. Barry, the photographer, returned to-day from a few weeks business sojourn at Fort Buford.

J. C. Barr, agent of the contract line of steamers, is moving into his new office, Raymond's block.

Sixteen recruits for company I, 7th cavalry, arrived last night from Fort Snelling.

Dennis Hannifin has the champion mint julip compounder in the city.

There is a field of corn west of Mandan averaging over six inches high!

George Peoples boasts a new sign on his hardware store.

A new livery stable has been established at Mandan.

Lieut. C. T. Roe, 11th infantry, was in town Thursday.

Decay of the Teeth

Arises from various causes, but principally it may be attributed to early neglect or the indiscriminate use of tooth powders and pastes, which give a momentary whiteness to the teeth while they corrode the enamel. The timely use of that delicate aromatic tooth-wash, fragrant SOZODONT, will speedily arrest the progress of decay, harden the gums, and impart a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes those ravages which people sustain in their teeth from the use of sweet and acid articles.

Plows
Wagons
Mowers
Hay-Rakes
At THURSTON & Co's

Cabbage and Tomatoe Plants
At KEPITZ & GRIFFIN'S,

Screen Doors.
Go to Bostwick & Arnold's for screen doors.

Bars of all Sizes
And improved patterns at
D. I. BAILEY & Co.'s.

Fifty Thousand of Various Brands of Cigars being closed out at manufacturers' prices at HOLLEMBAEK'S

Lamps.
A well selected assortment of lamps at
DUNN & Co.'s.

Elegant Line
Of Fine Millinery, at WATSON'S.

First-class Table Board.
$5.00 per week, at R. R. MARSH'S, corner 5th and Meigs.

Strawberries and Gooseberries
Fresh every night at
KEPITZ & GRIFFIN'S.

Russia Leather
And Seal Skin Portemonnaies and pocket-books at
HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Schiffler, the Merchant Tailor,
on Main St., has just returned from the east with a large stock of the latest patterns, and a tailor from one of the best houses in St. Paul.

Strawberry Plants
for sale cheap, at
BRAGG'S
821f

Hair Brushes,
Combs, Tooth Brushes, etc. at
DUNN & Co's.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by an Indian of this agency on the 26th inst. one black horse and one dark brown mare mule, both of them without a brand. Also one iron-gray pony horse marked. Both of his ears slit on the top. The owner or claimant of one or all of the above named animals must come well recommended by responsible parties known to this office and be prepared to pay charges.

J. A. STEPHAN,
U. S. Indian Agent.

U. S. Indian Agency, Standing Rock, May 31, 1880. 2-4

A Large and Complete Stock
Of Stationery at DUNN'S.

All the Popular Brands of Cigarettes at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Great Bargains
in Gents' clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc., at
WATSON'S.

Go to Stimpson's
For Ice Cream and Strawberries.

RIVER RIFFLES.

River raising and in good state.

Capt. Nick Beusen is in Cincinnati.

The Benton from below will arrive and leave Tuesday for Benton.

The Big Horn will leave for Miles City to-morrow on her second trip.

The Butte, Benton line, left Tuesday at eight o'clock for Benton with 302 tons of freight.

Capt. I. Earl, chif clerk of the Montana, has been promoted to the command of that steamer.

The Minnie H. passed Buford, making good time and will doubtless make a successful trip.

The Gen. Terry is at Buford repairing her broken shaft and will leave to-morrow for Benton.

Steamer Rosebud, Coulson line, left Tuesday with the mounted police and freight for Benton.

The North Pacific transfer is now making good time. The stage of the water is good and the management of the boat likewise.

The Batchelor arrived at Fort Custer on the morning of the 6th and is expected to arrive here Sunday. She will load immediately for Terry's Landing.

Capt. Wolfolk smiles and likewise takes unto himself great pride, when he thinks how nicely he passed the Rosebud underway Tuesday with his transfer boat.

Capt. Coulson reports more snow on the mountains about Helena than usual at this season of the year. The weather has been very cool thus far in the upper country.

Capt. Coulson, of the Far West, says they passed eighty lodges of Gros Ventres Sioux and Bloods at the mouth of Sandy Creek, that had just come in from Sitting Bull's camp.

The Eclipse is expected to-day from above with companies E, and D, 6th Infantry, from Buford bound for the Ute country. She will load immediately for the Yellowstone.

The Helena, from Benton, is expected Sunday. She will bring Gen. Hazen, of the 6th, and the remainder of his command bound for Colorado, and leave for Sioux City Monday.

The Big Horn was the first boat out of the Yellowstone this season, and brought down 5,000 buffalo robes and large quantities of furs that were shipped over the Northern Pacific railroad to St. Paul.

The steamer Gen. Terry has been exceedingly unfortunate during this season. She broke her shaft and two cylinders on her first trip up and was towed back to Bismarck by the Helena On her second trip she burst one of her cylinders before reaching Buford.

The steamer Far West arrived from Benton this morning with forty-five cabin passengers. Among her passengers was Capt. Weston, A. C. S., who goes to St. Paul, also the engineers who have been surveying the river below Benton and above. She met the steamer Helena below Dauphins, Red Cloud below Cow Island, Key West in Peck Bends, Peninah layed up below Milk River, Sherman above and C. K. Peck below Poplar river, Minnie H. above Scott's woodyard, Rosebud at the "Slide." She will leave for Benton Tuesday, the 15th inst.

LETTER-LIST.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncalled for in Bismarck (D. T.) postoffice for week ending June 11, 1880:

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Anderson Otto	Jones James
Bartlett Wm	Kelly Benj
	Kelly Lawrence
Cunningham A S	Kilboon Robt
Carter J S	
Cussonion Culson) Louis	Lall E J
Caulin Wm	Laing Philip D
	Leonard Billy
Fields Robert - 2	
Fitzgerald Stephen	McGuinness James—3
	McLaughlin J W
Gaving Henry G	Marsh John R
	Masterson Peter—2
Hussey Allen	McCarty Wm
Hopper Mr	
Hanson I J	Park D
Hallebang Jas A	
Huffman Jerome	Tuthane C B
Jarvis Geo W	Vroom B G
Johnson Lars E	

LADIES' LIST.

Stone Mrs Sadie — Whitney Mrs W P

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "advertised."

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Bird Cages,
a fine assortment, at
D. I. BAILEY & Co.'s.

Window Glass, all sizes, at
HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Blank Books
at DUNN'S.

Breaking Wanted.

Twenty-five thousand acres of breaking in the vicinity of Tower City wanted. Address,
S. S. SMALL.
Tower City, D. T.
522

Toilet Articles
And Perfumes at DUNN & Co's.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the appetite and is pleasant, safe and efficient.

Playing Cards
And Ivory Checks at DUNN & Co's.

Adjustable Stove Backs
To fit any size cook stove of any make, at
D. I. BAILEY'S,
81 Main Street.

A Full Line of Window Glass
of all sizes, at
DUNN & Co's,
92 Main Street.

Base Balls
and Bats at HOLLEMBYNE'S.

Fine Leghorn Ladies' Hats
Just received at WATSON'S.

Lamps of all kinds at
D. I. BAILEY & Co.'s.

Fence Your Lots.
Illustrated Catalogues with Price List, description of all styles of Fence (wood or iron) manufactured by *Minn. Fence Work Co.*, furnished by
CHAS. F. PAINE, Agent.
Bismarck
141f

Table Boarders
Of any number can be accommodated at R. R. MARSH'S, corner 5th and Meigs.

A Full Line
Paints, Oils, and Brushes at DUNN'S.

New Hats.
If you want an elegantly trimmed hat, latest style, go to WATSON'S.

Strayed.

From the subscribers, about the first of May, 1880, one pair of dark brown gelding mules, about 11½ hands high, six or seven years old, with figure 4 branded on right jaw. Any person giving any information leading to their recovery will be thankfully received and liberally rewarded. H. T. BUSH & CORWIN, Jamestown, D. T.
141f

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is agreeable, wholesome and invigorating, and its purity is guaranteed.

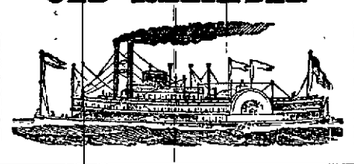
COULSON LINE

1880 1880

Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.

OLD RELIABLE

DAKOTA. MONTANA.



Coulson Line

Comprised of the following new and elegant passenger steamers, built expressly for the trade, leaving Bismarck regularly during the season of 1880, receiving freight and passengers through to all points East and West, connecting with roads East and West.

MONTANA,	WESTERN,
DAKOTA,	FAR WEST,
WYOMING,	KEY WEST,
ROSE BUD,	BLACK HILLS
BIG HORN.	

The above steamers are owned and controlled by the Missouri River Transportation Company, fully organized and reliable—not here to-day and away to-morrow, "but a fixture we are here to stay."

For information or freight and passenger rates, write or telegraph

W. S. EVANS, Prest., Pittsburgh, Pa.,
S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager, Yankton, D. T.,
J. C. McVAY, Gen. Frt Ag't., Yankton.

D. W. Maratta, Gen. Supt.,
BISMARCK, D. T.

For Ft. Benton, Tuesday, 15th,
Steamer FAR WEST.

For the Yellowstone, Saturday, 8th
Steamer BIG HORN.

WANTS FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

WANTED.—An occupant for a first-class tenement house. House is centrally located in good neighborhood. Enquire at FORSTER'S.
11tf

WANTED—Two good painters, house and ornamental, are badly wanted at Miles City, M. T.

WANTED.—A girl to do general housework. Good wages. Enquire of F. W. Hand, at brewery, steamboat landing. 52-2

WANTED—Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "bang up" meal, to call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant, Mandan, D. T. tf

WANTED.—A few Bismarck City Directories left, at 50 cents and $1.00 per copy, at THE TRIBUNE office.

For Sale.

FOR RENT.—Two good dwelling houses. Apply at McLean & Macnider's. 3 tf

FOR SALE or RENT—Two pianos in good repair. Will sell them cheap or rent to responsible parties at a low figure. Apply to
Mrs. O. S. GOFF,
Photograph Gallery.
5 2-4

FOR SALE.—A Dougherty light Ambulance, in perfect order; a great bargain. Apply to Capt. HAWKINS,
Fort Lincoln.
1-2

FOR SALE—The saloon building on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilson. Building will also be rented. Apply to
McLEAN & MACNIDER.
261f

FOR SALE.—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 3611

FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttle, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.

TAKEN UP.—By the subscriber, June 4, 1880, one dark brown mare mule, about eight years old, which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges. W. HUXLEY.
3-5

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants, 285½ Main street.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine

SEND TO E. G. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet at MARSHALL'S.

DRY WOOD.—Steamboatmen will find 500 cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 25 miles above Bismarck. C. L. MURRAY.

Money to Loan.

MONEY to LOAN.
F. J. CALL.
211f

$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WETHERBY.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of
M. P. STATTERY,
48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.
411fm

TONIC

REED'S



—IS A—

THOROUGH REMEDY

for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

TO MONTANA,

FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.

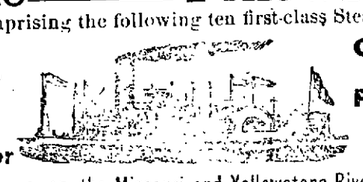
BENTON P LINE.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line

Comprising the following ten first-class Steamers:

Benton, Helena, Butte, Gen. Terry, F. Y. Batchelor



C. K. Peck, Nellie Peck, Peninah, Gen. Meade, Fontenelle.

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.

One of the ***Peck Line*** steamers leave Sioux City tri-weekly for ***Fort Pierre,*** landing for *Black Hills*, connecting there with *F. T. Evans* and *Dougherty & Co's* overland freight trains and daily stages for *Deadwood* and all points in the *Black Hills*.

One of the ***Benton Line*** Steamers leave *Sioux City* every *Saturday*, touching at *Bismarck* every *Saturday* for ***Ft. Benton*** head waters of Missouri, connecting with *I. C. Power & Bro's.* Pl overland freight trains and *Benton* and *Helena Daily Stage Line* for *"Helena," Butte, Bozeman, Yago Mines* and all interior points in *Montana*. The ***Yellowstone Line*** will have a boat leaves ***Bismarck*** every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on *Yellowstone River*.

Steamer BENTON
—FOR—
FT. BENTON,
Leaves TUESDAY, 15th Inst.

Steamer BATCHELOR,
—FOR—
All Points on Yellowstone,
Leaves TUESDAY, 15th Inst.

Steamer HELENA,
—FOR—
SIOUX CITY,
Leaves MONDAY, 14th Inst.

For freight or passage apply to
J. C. BARR, Gen. Agt., Sheridan House,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

GROCERS.

W. H. THURSTON & CO.,

Wholesale AND RETAIL Grocers,

(78 MAIN STREET, BISMARCK)

Steamboat and Freighters Supplies a Specialty.

DRY GOODS.

DAN. EISENBERG

Is offering a beautiful line of Summer Fabrics; chief among them Buntings, Lace and plain, in all qualities and prices; Lawns, Piquee, Monnie, and Crepe Cloths, French Cambrics, and Cretones, Satines, &c., &c. My Stock of Ladies' and Childrens' Millinery is of the latest styles, direct from the Eastern Market. Hats Trimmed in the Latest Styles on Short Notice. In Gent's Furnishings I have the finest line in the city. Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes, Carpets, &c. Call and examine Goods.

DAN. EISENBERG.

DRUGS AND NOTIONS.

Orders from Military Posts promptly Attended to.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Wholesale Druggist

—DEALER IN—

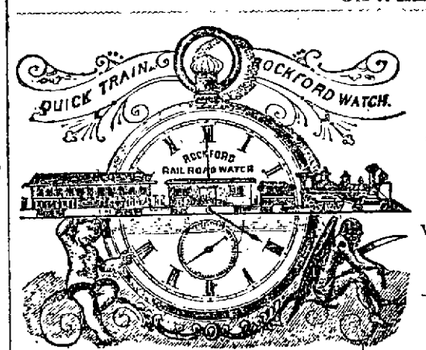
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

Also White Lead, Paints Oils and Varnishes. BISMARCK, D. T.

A Full Line of all Standard Patent Medicines.

JEWELERS



E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.

Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses.

Special attention given to all work in our line.

Agents for the justly celebrated ROCKFORD WATCHES.

GROCERIES

WM. GITSCHKA,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Glass Ware and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office.

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

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